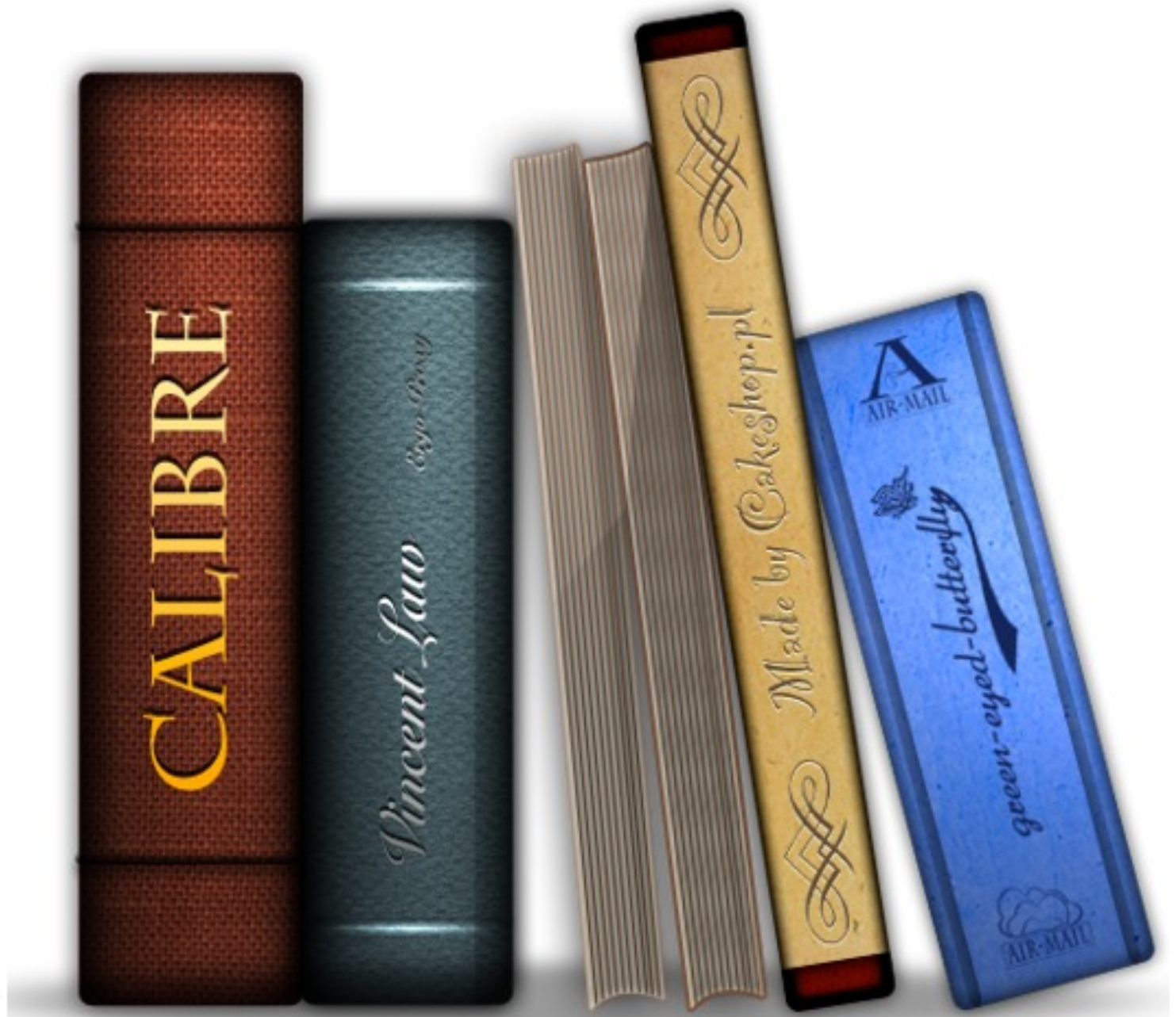


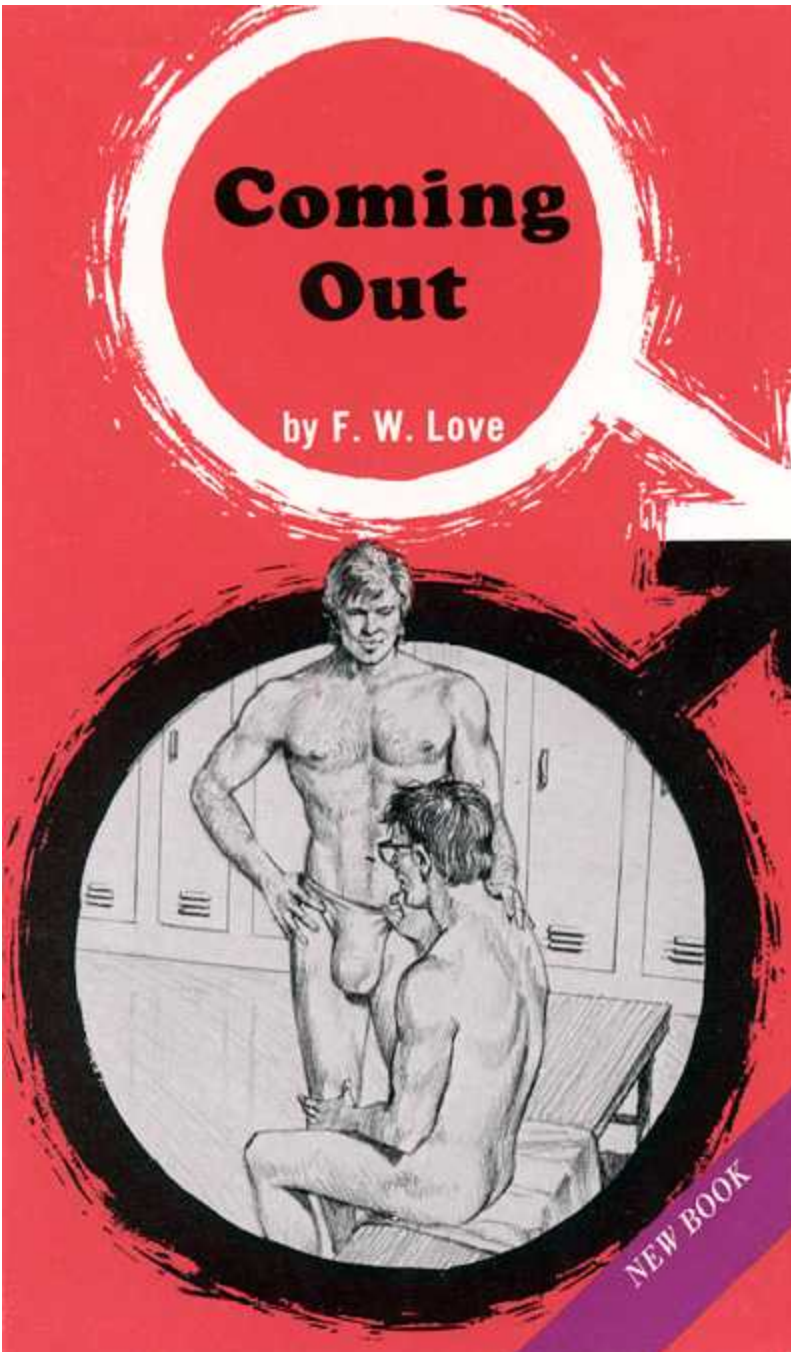
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AC-146 COMING OUT by F W Love

FOREWORD

For every young person there comes a time when he must confront new ideas and lifestyles, and adapt them to his own personal code. The young man enlisting in the army and meeting people of varied economic

backgrounds from all over the country; the young man going off to college for the first time -- all must face different and sometimes shocking ideas, and dealing with them is part of what makes an adult.

COMING OUT is about a young man confronted with the fact that he is homosexual. His decision to accept that lifestyle means an introduction to casual sexual encounters and bondage and discipline. And, like everyone -- whether homosexual or heterosexual -- he must learn the meaning of commitment, of totally giving himself to another. For growing up does not merely mean learning about sex and sexuality, but learning to give, to accept, to share.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

A lot of questions really hit home and shook me up when the little man with the yellow teeth smiled and said, "I'm very sorry, Mister Johnson, but the management of the Crafts Bazaar has had to close your booth and holds your, uh, tools as a security against the rent that you owe for the past months." He wasn't at all sorry, the bastard, and he just had to rub the "Mister" in. I was eighteen years old.

"If you need a few bucks to tide you over, why don't you come up to my office, and we'll, uh, discuss it." He put his fingers on my arm in a way that made me feel all crawly and unclean. I felt like knocking his damned dirty teeth down his fuckin' throat. I wasn't going to put out for a creep like him for any lousy couple of bucks, no matter how bad off the situation seemed. I turned around and left.

I left a lot behind me, not just the couple of hundred bucks worth of silversmith's tools that I had worked so hard to scrape together over the past couple of years. I guess I left behind most of my innocence, most of my belief that a guy like me could make it on his own in a straight, honest job in this crooked world.

I've had a lot of tough luck in my life. My folks died when I was just a kid. I got separated from my brother when we were put in different foster homes. I got kicked around, bad-mouthed and all the rest, man, but I never felt so down and out as I did that morning. There I was, standing out on the sidewalk with a knapsack on my back and everything that I owned in this world stuffed inside it. I had no place to go back to. My landlady had thrown us out of her rooming house a couple of days before, and I had been sleeping on a bench in the bus station. My silver working tools were now gone, and I had about one dollar left to my name. I was dirty and unwashed. My crotch stank, and I needed a shave pretty badly.

I should have felt like walking off a pier into the river, but I didn't.

I sort of looked at myself standing there, and I laughed. I wasn't going crazy or anything. It was just that a lot of work and pretending and following the rules just went down the old tube. I was me, and it was all I had to work with. Well, hell, might as well enjoy my youth and health and the rest of the world could just go fuck itself. I felt free, not trapped. I had not a single obligation left in the world. I could do whatever my fancy lighted on, and all I had to lose now was my life.

I felt like making a sign and hanging it around my neck: FOR SALE OR RENT: ONE NEARLY VIRGIN GUY.

I laughed again. I wouldn't have many takers, as dirty and grubby as I was then. I headed for the Mission. I hadn't gone there yet. I hadn't felt quite enough like a bum to take their charity, but I had no more pride to lose. At least no more of that kind of pride. I still had a razor and a blade that would cut. I would get some shaving cream or use some soap and knock the whiskers off, then take a long hot shower. Some of the clothes in my knapsack were still clean enough to be presentable.

I would clean my body and soul and start out on my new life, whatever the hell that would turn out to be.

I was even whistling when I got to the door of the place, and feeling the beginnings of a nice healthy appetite growling down in my belly. Time enough to worry about some food in a while. Maybe I would help wash up some dishes in the kitchen for a meal.

There was one of those squeaky-clean, Young Republican types behind the desk. He had on a little tag that said, "Hi! Call me Dave!" So I said,

"Hi, Dave, how about the use of a shower, so I can get cleaned up?"

"Hi, friend. I think we can fix you up. Do you have a job or any place to live? Any family to get in touch with?" I think that he must have taken me for a runaway kid. God, I know I look young, but not that young. I took a good look at him while I was telling him my sob story. He had black hair, cut short and very neatly slicked down with some kind of hair tonic. I didn't

think anybody wore their hair that short these days. He also had black glasses with thick lenses on a long nose with a long face to match. He had big white teeth that Jimmy Carter would have been jealous of. He was really a nice-looking guy if you took those glasses off and messed up his hair a little. A horsey-faced, but nice. He was taller than me, a little over six foot, and he looked pretty well built.

I had this funny feeling like I wanted to grab him and rub my body over his and dirty up his fresh clean clothes with the grubby stuff I was wearing. A weird feeling.

"Come on. I'll show you where the showers are. There's hardly anyone around the place at this time of day." He kept up a friendly line of chatter as we walked back into the place. It was just a little too friendly, if you know how I mean. The Mission looked and smelled like an elementary school that I went to years ago. It stank of sweaty flesh and disinfectant. The floors had been mopped so many times that there were only traces of the pattern left on the linoleum, and the walls were painted a pus green that seems to be reserved for public buildings. The showers were at the end of a long corridor beside the dormitory.

The bathroom was spotlessly clean and hopelessly shabby. The tiles and the toilets were cracked and dripping water. There were rust stains down the walls where the shower heads stuck out. There were no partitions between the toilets, and of course, none between the showers. I looked around and put my knapsack on the floor next to one of the sinks.

"I could use some soap, a towel, and some shaving cream if you have any,"

I said.

"Oh, sure," he said. "We have some shampoo, too, if you want some."

"Yeah, great." He went off to get the stuff, and I started taking off my clothes and piling them on top of my back-pack. I took a good look at myself in the mirror over the sink while I waited for him to get back.

Not bad, I thought with some pride. I had long blonde hair that was messy and tangled, but still showed the finest, palest gold color that I had ever seen on a guy, and I knew that it was real, too, no dye job. My eyes weren't the usual blue that you find with most icy blondes like me. They were a violet blue, darker than just blue, dark and dramatic, but somewhat spoiled by the paleness of my thick eyelashes. If my eye lashes were only jet black, then my eyes would knock you right out of your shoes. Well, you can't have anything.

My face looked pretty good, too. Not really strikingly good looking, but rugged, with a firm chin and full lips, and that little chunk of a scar taken out of my chin where I had gotten cut in the crash that killed my mom and dad. It looked like the cleft in Kirk Douglas' chin, except that it was an inch off center and made my face look a little crooked and sort of cock-eyed.

I had a good tan from the time I spent out in the sun, and my muscles were hard and clean, even if my skin was kind of grubby. No hair on my chest, but broad shoulders and good, heavy pecs with brown nipples sticking out a bit. I sucked my gut in and was pleased at how far I could pull it in. My belly was as hard as a rock, and my waist and hips were small and tight.

Ah! Then! My pride and joy down there. Hanging long and limp out over my balls, arching out from the root of my belly, thick and loose and hanging heavy with power to spare and inches more in reserve. Up 'til then I had only used it for my personal pleasures and the pleasure of some guys I liked particularly well. I wondered how I would make out if I tried to make my living with it.

Hey, John Thomas down there! Can you do the trick, as they say? Think you can get some money-paying customers down on their knees to admire you?

The guy gave a jump and swelled up a little as if to say, "You better believe it, man!"

That Dave guy came back in then, or at least I noticed that he was back.

He was standing by the door of the bathroom and sort of breathing heavy.

I don't know how long he had been there watching me show off in front of the mirror, but he must have liked what he saw. I noticed that he was showing quite a basket himself when he came over and handed me the soap and shampoo. He had a nice, thick lump showing in his pants, and he wasn't going to any trouble to hide it.

When I went in to take my shower, he just stayed there, leaning against the sink next to the door of the shower room and talking about something or other all the time. I couldn't hear him over the sound of the water, but I don't think he cared whether I understood him or not. He was busy getting an eyeful or two. He had the towel over his arm and hanging down in front of his crotch, but he was stroking the towel and what was under it all the time that he was there talking to me.

I gave him a good show, taking special care to give my cock a good washing while I faced him and scrubbing out the crack of my ass while I turned away from him. Who knows? He might just be my first customer, though I wondered just how much money he had working in a hole like that place.

Well, I finished my shampoo and shower, and I thought for a minute that he was going to offer to dry me off with the towel when I got out. He seemed not to want to give it to me when I stepped out into the bathroom.

When he finally did, I saw why he was a little nervous about parting with it. He had a boner on in his pants that it would have taken a beach towel to fucking hide. I mean that guy was damned near as hung as I was. I looked him over a little more carefully then. If I was going to peddle my ass, it sure would be nice to do it with a humpy trick like him instead of some flabby old man.

He seemed to get over his nervousness about his hard-on after I looked straight at it and then looked him in the eye with a grin on my face and a little of the devil showing in my eyes. I dried off really well and showed him some more of my young bod up close, and then slung the damp towel around my neck. He really liked that! He couldn't help licking his lips while I stood there buck naked in front of him and got ready to shave. I kept my eyes on my face while I shaved, and he kept his eyes roving over my ass

and long dong. I let my pecker rub against the cold porcelain of the sink. It made me feel even more horny, and my prong started getting mighty randy.

"Gee, Stuart, how old are you?" he asked. I hadn't heard anyone say "gee" since I was about ten years old.

"Eighteen, Dave. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty," he said. I was a little surprised, myself. With that short hair and glasses he looked at least five years older than that.

"What you doin' working in a place like this?" I asked.

"This is a project that I have to do for my sociology course at the University." Well, that was it then. I couldn't see what a guy like him was doing here if it weren't for some bleedin' heart set-up like that. If he went to the University, maybe he had a little dough on him after all.

"You live in a dormitory?" I asked, fishing around for some information.

"No, I have an apartment off campus."

Well, my ears fuckin' pricked up at that. "Got any room-mates?"

"No, I have it by myself." He didn't jay anymore right then, and that was about as far as I could push it by myself. I couldn't very well ask him if he wanted to take me home and mess around in bed for a few hours, now, could I? Or could I? What the hell did I have to lose? "Want one?"

That really threw him. He turned red in the face and hemmed and hawed for a while. "I don't know, Stuart. I'm an only child, and I've never shared a room with anyone."

I was feeling mighty daring then. After all, I was standing stark naked in front of the guy, and he had a sure 'nough hard-on in his jeans. "Ever shared a bed?" I asked and winked at him.

The poor fucker nearly swallowed his tongue. "I had a girl friend when I was in high school, but we, uh, we never..."

"Shit with that man, you know what I'm talking about." I acted real butch, strictly trade, you know. His glasses made his eyes look enormous, and I could see that there were tears of embarrassment and frustration in them. He really wanted it bad, but he had never been put into a position like this before.

He shook his head. "No, I've never done that either."

"You really a virgin, Dave?"

"Yeah. I bet you aren't."

"Not by a long shot," I said with a little tilt to my chin that made me look like quite the veteran. Actually, I was nearly as innocent as he was. There had been a few times with some of the guys I knew years ago, but I was a long way from being the hustler that I was pretending to be.

I was putting on the act for one reason -- money. He was a good-looking guy and very well hung, I could tell, but I needed the bread, man, not just some fun in the sack.

It was the wrong approach to take. His wong was going soft in his pants, and I could see by the look on his horsey face that I was scaring him off. You could see him thinking about how great it would be to get his hands on me, but backing off in fright. The poor guy was a virgin, probably didn't even let himself think about girls, much less guys, probably had never even allowed himself to think of himself as gay. It was a whole new world of possibilities that were suddenly opening up right in front of him, and he was scared to try them out for size. He just looked fuckin' lonely and miserable. So, I tried again.

"Look, Dave. I'm not trying to hustle you. (Liar!) I need a place to stay while I look for some work. I'd rather not stay in this fleabag, but I don't have any money to pay my way. I'll put it to you straight. I'm gay.

I'm available. I'm not going to ask you for any money or rip off anything from your apartment. You give me a place to stay for a few days. You can mess around with me if you want to, but it's strictly up to you." I looked straight at his cock, still bulging in his pants some. "You seem to like looking at me parading around bare-ass. So, I'll decorate your place for you. I'm a picture on loan from the library, that's all, man.

Hang me up in your place and enjoy. What does it cost you?"

It was a pretty good little speech. It wasn't exactly true, but close enough. It sure had the effect that I was looking for. He licked his lips again and reached out his trembling hand to touch me. I turned and faced him and let him feel up my heavy tool. His excitement was exciting me.

His fingers were shaking and sweaty, but gentle, even exquisitely tender as he fondled my cock and balls.

"Dave? Where are you? We need you back at the desk." Somebody was calling to him and coming down the hallway. I snatched the towel from around my neck and tied it tightly around my waist. Some fart came in looking for him and dragged him off, but not before he could tip me a wink. I went back to shaving, knowing that I at least had a place to flop for the night.

CHAPTER TWO

There is nothing quite so embarrassing as coming home with a nervous john. You never know quite how to act. You don't know whether to come on strong, jumping them and practically tearing their clothes off in eagerness to get at their fantastic bodies, or whether you are supposed to act like the virginal guy next door and let them "seduce" you.

It was pretty clear in this case that I was supposed to be very casual about it, so that was easy enough for me, but brother Dave was so nervous and shaky that I thought he was going to collapse completely on me. He lived in an apartment that was bigger and plusher than any of the many homes I had ever lived in. I mean this guy was a real "got rocks". His old man must have really had the dough to support him in this style of living.

The more cool I tried to act, the clumsier Dave got. He had cold feet, I could tell. He was probably wishing that I would just vanish and leave him in the same shape that I had found him. I had to do something, get moving and get his mind off his second and third thoughts about our arrangement. "Hey, how about letting me clean up those clothes, Dave. You mentioned that you had a washer and a dryer here."

"Yeah, I'll show you," he said and looked a little calmer. He took me back to the kitchen where there was a washer and dryer built into the cabinet top. He opened a cupboard and showed me where the soap was. I opened my backpack and pulled out all of my clothes and stuffed them into the machine. Then I pulled off my shirt and put it in, too. I continued to strip, keeping my eyes off him and letting him look me over as much as he wanted to. I crammed the rest of my clothes into the washer and once again stood bare-ass in front of him, my shoes in one hand and my backpack in the other.

"Where should I put this stuff?" I asked.

"I could put you in the guest bedroom, or you could..." he paused. I told you this was one hell of an apartment, man. You could have fitted a whole

family into the place and they would wander for days without seeing each other.

"Whatever you like, Dave," I said.

"I have two beds in my room, would you like to sleep in there with me?"

"I don't snore, if that's what's bothering you," I said with a grin.

He took me back through the living room to his bedroom. I was a little surprised. I didn't look at all like the magnificent master bedroom that I had been expecting. It looked just like a bedroom, study room for a college student. It had two single beds, college books on the desk and a private bath. Really classy, but not showy or anything like that.

Probably like the bedroom that he had had when he was at home. I put my stuff on one of the beds. He sat on the other one and looked at me, so I sat down opposite him and held him look.

"You are the most handsome guy I have ever seen in my life, Stuart," he blurted out. "Your hair is like a white, curly cloud around your head, and your eyes are like sapphires."

I must admit that I liked the way this guy was talking!

"Your thing, your cock is so big. It hangs all the way over your balls and down onto the bed. How big does it get when it's hard?"

"Why don't you find out for yourself?"

"I've never touched a cock before yours. I never knew that it could be so exciting. Do you think I'm gay?"

"Looks like it to me. Does that bother you?"

"Shit, no -- it's just like finding a new part of myself. Do you feel horny?"

I just grinned and leaned back on the bed, my legs spread, propped up on my elbows. I turned on the old tube and gave it orders to stand and be

counted. I am one of those very lucky guys who have complete control over their peckers. The old shlong will do anything that I tell it to. I can get it hard in a couple of seconds, and within a minute or two, I can even cum off without touching it! I'm never embarrassed over a limp dick when I want it hard, or a soft cock when it's called on to perform. I got a couple of other tricks that I'll tell you about later!

I was letting it hang out as far as it would go without getting a bone on, and I just relaxed and let 'er rip the rest of the way. It jumped a couple of times and filled with blood, flopping up onto my thigh and then over onto my belly. Then it came up to a full erection, arching over my stomach and hard as steel. Dave's eyes nearly bugged right out of his head.

"God damn! Let me get a tape measure! I can't believe that!" He went over to his dresser and fumbled around in the drawer until he got what he wanted. When he turned back and came over to my bed, I could see that his own big cock was getting so hard that he was having to walk bow-legged.

He held up the tape to my meat and measured it. From the pubic bone to the tip -- exactly ten full, fucking inches! I never met a white guy with a bigger one! And it's pretty thick, too, widest at the base with a flaring head at the end, about two inches thick at the thinnest part right behind the head.

"You look pretty hung yourself, Dave. Why don't you get out of those clothes and get yourself more comfortable?"

"You don't mind?"

I had to laugh. What else could I do, when this guy is asking my permission for him to take his clothes off in his own bedroom? He took his glasses off to get his shirt over his head, and it changed the whole look of his face. His dark-rimmed glasses had hidden his high cheek bones and the handsome bone structure of his face. He no longer looked horsey, just handsome. And his eyes, wow! His eyes had been completely distorted by the lenses, and now he looked at me with the biggest chocolate-brown eyes I have ever seen. And he had those long, thick dark eyelashes that I always wished that I had. Wow! What a looker!

I began to realize as he stripped off that his clothes were more of a disguise than most men's are, only he was hiding treasures under his instead of trash. His chest was very broad and muscular, heavier and more muscular than mine was, and he had a thick mat of burly black hair in the center with wads of black hair under his arms, too. His belly was as flat as mine, but not as skinny. That loose shirt had hidden as much as his glasses.

But when he dropped his pants, I got a real surprise. His cock was a good eight inch or a little more, with one of those cockheads that look like a good-sized plum. His belly was covered with fine, black hair in startling contrast to his snowy white skin and blue veins. But what really surprised me was the strength and development of his whole body.

His thighs were solid masses of rippling muscle, and even his butt and calves were packed with power.

"It's not nearly as big as yours," he said.

"What isn't?"

"My cock!"

"Oh, no, I guess not, but I've only seen a couple of dudes who had bigger ones than mine. I was just looking at your shape. Man, you must really have to work to keep as fit and strong as that."

"Not really. I just work out in the gym to keep loosened up, and I walk a lot and do some jogging."

"You look awfully strong to me."

He smiled, very pleased with the compliment. "Yeah? I'll show you." He stepped over to the bed where I was lying and slid his arms under my back and knees and scooped me right up like I was a doll. I don't weigh but one-fifty, but he handled me like I weighed fifteen pounds instead. Then he tossed me up to the ceiling and caught me like he was flipping a coin.

I nearly gave a yell to find myself flying through the air like that, I'll tell you! I hadn't had anyone throw me around like that since I was about four years old.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you like that," he apologized.

"That... that's all right. Just put me down, please," I said.

He put his face up close to mine, looking at me with those big, nearsighted eyes of his and grinned like a guy with a new bike. "I don't want to put you down, Stuart. I think I'll just eat you up right here!"

He curled one arm around my hips and let the other one drop from behind my shoulders. I fell backwards, and this time I did give a yell, but he had me firmly in his grip. He grabbed my hipbones in his hands and held me upside down like a bouquet of flowers he wanted to sniff at.

The blood was running to my head, and I was getting a little scared. This guy wasn't quite what I had thought him to be. He rubbed my cock all over his face and snuffled around my crotch, flicking his tongue out and licking at my dick. Then he took my cock head on the flat of his tongue and slid it into his mouth. Jesus! I have been blown before, but never hanging upside down! He did all of the things that beginners do when they first go down on a dork -- scraped me with his teeth, gagged when he tried to get more than five or six of my inches down his throat, and all the rest. I was holding onto his knees and getting a good look at the bottoms of his nuts while he was doing this, and his cock was poking me in the neck. I was afraid that if his hands slipped, I was going to land on my noggin and bust it right open.

Finally he put me down on the bed. "You taste good," he said with a satisfied smile. "Now you suck my cock." He took it in his fist and offered it to me. I hadn't done much cocksucking in my life. It was usually the other way around. The guys would come around to see my big dick, and then they would come back later by themselves and ask me if they could suck on it. If a guy was nice-looking and treated me right, he could always get in my pants for a cock-gobble, but the mean bastards never had a chance if they were snotty about it and acted like they were doing me a favor. There were

only a couple of them, like my foster brother, Steve, that made me feel like I wanted to suck them off, too.

Now Dave was wagging his dork at me and expecting me to go down on him.

I wanted to. There was no question about that, but I didn't know if I could deep throat him like I wanted to because his cock knob was so fat and hard. I was damned sure going to give it a try, though. He lay back on the bed, and I got over him in the sixty-nine position. That is the only way that I can get a wong down my throat without losing my lunch. I slurped on him some until I had him all juicy with my spit, then I tried to shut off my gag reflex and feed him past the narrow part at the back of my throat. It took a little doing, but I got him in. I pushed his shaft down my throat until my nose was stuck in the hair of his nuts. I worked my swallowing muscles on his goot, then realized that he was stuck in there! He had swollen up much bigger when I excited him, and now I couldn't get him out of my throat. I couldn't breathe! I was really scared and was about to pull him out even if it tore the lining out of my gullet. But just then he heaved his hips up off the bed, and I felt him shooting off his gism into me. He had one hell of a lot of it! The fuck juice just melted down into my stomach in wave after wave of good cream.

It hurt a little to feel the surges running through the shaft of his dong, but once he had gotten his rocks off, I managed to pull off of him without hurting myself.

I gasped for air and shook my head to make the black spots in front of me go away. He was luxuriating on the bed, sort of rubbing his ass over the bedspread and cupping my ass in his hands. "That felt great, Stu. A hell of a lot better than jerking off. How do you do that without choking?"

"I didn't. You nearly choked me to death on that fucker of yours. It's a good thing that you came off when you did or I would have been a goner."

"Oh, really? I didn't realize that you couldn't breathe. It did seem like I was cumming off forever. You must show me how you do that, so I can suck

you off, too. You want something to eat?" He laughed. "I mean some supper?"

I was mighty hungry then, but I hadn't gotten my own rocks off yet. Well, I wasn't going to argue with him. He seemed like a good meal ticket for some time. I told the old dork to cool it for awhile and let it hang loose, but my prostate and balls were feeling awfully tight and full.

Just be patient, I told him.

We went back out to the kitchen as naked as the day we were born. He seemed to get used to it mighty fast. He was as cool and breezy about it as if he dined in the nude every night with strange guys who had just sucked off his joint. He put my clothes in the dryer and took out a couple of fantastic steaks from the freezer. He thawed them in a microwave oven, then put a couple of potatoes in to cook. He showed me where the salad fixings were in the refrigerator, and I tore us up a salad while he broiled the steaks. Every now and then he would reach over and feel up my butt or just touch my cock with the back of his hand as if he were reassuring himself that I was really there and he wasn't dreaming.

His changed manner was making me feel different, too. At first, I had seen him only as a sucker to get as much free food and lodgings out of as I could, but the way he looked, even with his glasses back on and the way he walked around with his thick dick hanging between his muscular thighs was making me see him in a different light. He was definitely desirable in his own right, no matter if he were rich or as poor as I was. I was very horny, and damn it, I wanted him! I wanted him to touch me and feel me up, and I wanted to feel the strength of his arms again.

We didn't talk much during the meal. He told me his last name, Jamieson, and that his folks were long dead. He got a monthly check from the executors of his father's estate, and had no hassle with any family or anyone telling him what to do. At first it seemed like a perfect way to live, but I soon felt the loneliness in his voice as well. Poor little rich guy! I would never have believed that I would ever feel sorry for anyone who had it as cushy as this guy did after I had led the rough life that I had. I thought about Buddy for the first time in a long time, and I was shocked to feel the tears

come rushing to my eyes. I didn't even know if my brother were still alive, or what he looked like or even if he remembered me at all.

Dave saw the look on my face and asked me what was bothering me, and I told him. We talked about him for a few minutes, but I changed the subject. It was too painful. The good food was sifting pretty in my belly and making me hornier than ever. Dave was feeling the same way, apparently. He burped, apologized for his crude manners and leaned across the table toward me, "How about a fuck for dessert?" he said.

"I've never done that before," I admitted.

"Neither have I. We'll be a couple of virgins on our honeymoon. Come on.

Let's give it a try." He was the one who was taking the lead now, but I didn't mind. He was having a dizzying effect on me. I would never have considered letting another guy cornhole me before I met Dave, but the suggestion seemed quite reasonable, now.

I was only a little worried about whether or not I could take him. I had tried screwing other guys a number of times, but I never could manage to get my goot into them without them yelling and crying and begging me to take it out. I guess that my jumping jumbo was just too big for an asshole, at least the assholes of the teenage guys I had tried it on before. Dave was pretty well hung, but I thought I could take him on without too much pain, and if it hurt, I didn't care. I could take it, or I thought I could.

I told him that we had to have something greasy to be able to manage it, something like Crisco. He got some out of the kitchen cabinet, and we adjourned to the bedroom. He was already as hard and horny as if he hadn't ever gotten his nut off in his whole life, and my flagpole was proudly waving in front of me as we went down the hall. As a matter of fact, Dave used it as a handle to guide me on my way.

I picked up my T-shirt off the floor and put it under me so as not to get the bed dirty with the grease, and I stretched out on my back with my legs spread. He opened up the can of grease and took a big gob of it on his fingertips and smeared it over his hard, hot hob. I was fascinated by the idea

that I was going to be the one to get fucked, I was the one who was taking the role of the submissive partner instead of the usual part that I played, and I found that it excited me.

I took some of the grease and rubbed it over my bung hole and started trying to loosen up for him. I slipped a fingertip inside my asshole. It felt ten times as big as I knew that it was, but I relaxed a little with the help of the grease and soon had a finger up my tail, sliding it in and out and feeling the crazy feeling of it rubbing on the back of my prostate. It was really weird, but good! I got another finger up my butt and then three. It kept feeling sexier and sexier, and I could feel a whole pool of cum boiling around in my balls, getting ready to spurt out all over the place. I felt drunk and silly as I frigged my asshole for him.

He was very eager to get started, and I thought that three fingers would surely be enough pulled my fingers out and hooked my hands behind my knees to pull my legs apart and out of the way. There I was, flat on my back with my tail pointed up into the air for him to drive his dork into me. I wouldn't have believed it if you had told me at the beginning of that day.

He put the greasy head of his dong up to my bung hole, and of course, I tightened up like the virgin that I was. He pushed, but we were getting nowhere fast. I finally strained really hard like I was taking a slit, and he pushed extra hard and popped the fat head of his wong into me. It fucking hurt like hell, I'm not shitting you! The sweat popped out on my face and body, and I had to groan from the agony. It felt like he had just driven a Sherman Tank into my gut!

He was gentle, though, and just held still while I tried to get used to him. He was trembling with the feeling that my hot asshole was giving him, and he had to bite his lip to control his desire to drive it straight on in. I tried and tried to relax, but I couldn't. I had an idea what the other guys I had tried to fuck felt like when they begged me to stop and pull it out. But I wasn't going to give in. I was going to give this fucker what he wanted, all the way, no matter what.

I loosened up a little, but it was still hurting me, and my gut was cramping down on his dork in spasms. I decided that it couldn't hurt much more than

it was hurting then so I told him to go ahead and shove the damned thing all the way in.

"Are you sure it's all right, Stu?" he asked. He really was a nice guy.

I nodded my head, trying to look like it was, but I imagine that my pain must have been showing on my face in spite of myself. He braced his weight on his hands and shoved his hips forward. It went in all the way, inch by inch until I had him up to the balls, but dear Jesus! Did it ever hurt! I hooked my legs around his ass and just held on for dear life, trying not to scream. Fortunately, he was so hot that it only took him a couple of strokes before I felt his cum-tube swelling and jerking he fired off spray after spray of gushing gism into my bleeding gut.

When he shot off and his cock softened a little bit, the pain mostly went away. I just felt full instead of torn open. He started to pull out and away from me, but I held him tightly to my chest and shook and shivered as the agony died away. I squeezed my ass muscles down on his dick and felt him make it jump a couple of times in my tail. My own dork had stayed hard the whole time even with the pain, but now it started feeling really sexy again. I moved around a little to see what it was like, hunching my ass up at him and then pulling it away. My cock knob was up and rubbing across his hairy belly, and that felt good as hell. It didn't even hurt me in my rear end. I kept moving my ass on his pole and feeling better and easier about it.

He was getting harder and harder by the minute, too. He hadn't really gone down much, but he was soon as hard and ready as before. This time I was going to control matters. I told him to roll over onto his back. I held on to him, keeping his fucker up my ass and rode him over until I was astride his hits, perched on his pecker. I looked down at him. He was out of his fucking tree with the pleasure of cumming off in my buns and with the sensations that I was giving to him them. I reached down and played with his nipples, making them stand up, and running my fingertips through his wirey hair. My cock was sticking out from the root of my belly and out over his stomach like the branch of a big tree. For some reason I never felt so proud of my big tool as I did then. His eyes were glued to it, worshipping it even while his own cock was up my asshole. I felt in charge again, the one controlling the situation.

I pulled up forward on my knees and felt his fucker pulling out of my tail. I twirled my butt around a little on it and made him groan with pleasure. Then I sank back down, feeling his shaft massaging my prostate.

It felt a hell of a lot better now. The pain was almost totally gone. I fucked myself on him faster and faster. He started rolling his head back and forth on the pillow like he was saying that he just couldn't believe that anything felt so good.

I suddenly felt an overpowering urge to kiss those full lips of his and taste his mouth with my tongue. I leaned over him and grabbed him by his short hair, holding his head still and passionately kissing him. He reacted at first with startled confusion, but soon returned my tongue thrusts with his own. I was pumping my body up and down on his dork all the time that we kissed, and I knew that I was finally going to cum off.

And this time I was going to cum off right with him.

I had to stop kissing him in order to get enough air into my lungs and to get enough leverage to fuck as hard as I wanted to. Man, the pain was gone, and there was nothing but the purest pleasure left. I slammed my ass up and down on his greasy spear. Each stroke was jacking me up closer and closer to cumming off, like a balloon getting blown up bigger and bigger until it explodes. I was even glad that I hadn't cum off earlier.

This was going to be a doozy!

"Oh, Stu! Stu!" he gasped. That's all he could manage. He lunged up off the bed, and I felt him starting to pump out his load. I thrust my belly out, his pulsing prick inside me. My big cock jutted up between us, and I let go. My gism flew out in thick, rubbery white ropes, burst upon burst of heavy cream! I fucked the stuff out by the yard, and it landed with audible plops on his chest, across his hairy nipples, and up onto his face!

He had cum three times to my one, but we were equally exhausted from that bout of love-making. That night we slept in each other's anus in the one bed. It was the start of an adventure the likes of which I had never imagined!

CHAPTER THREE

I awoke in the morning, sucked up out of the black depths of dreamless sleep by the pull of his lips. He was bathing my body from the insides of my knees to my nipples with his tongue, sliding it along the inner surfaces of my thighs, thrusting it down into the cracks between my legs and my balls, along the shaft of my hard cock, into my belly button, up my nearly hairless belly, around the taut points of my tits. He had turned me into a pool of hot lava. Every hair, every tiny particle of skin, every pulsing blood vessel lived for the touch of his fiery tongue.

I had no will left to move, no desire to do anything but surrender to him.

I felt as heavy as mercury, as light as dandelion fluff. A gust of hot breath from his nostrils would send ripples through my body, shaking me as strongly as the wildest hurricane winds. He cupped my balls in his hands, and they were so heavy that they ached with their own weight. He stirred my soul around inside me with his tongue. I couldn't remember what his name was or where I had slept that night. It didn't matter. I surrendered totally and forever to him. He took me.

He raised my legs in his hands and spread them apart. His head dipped down below my balls and his tongue plunged into my asshole like a flickering flame heating me and exciting me terribly. I felt dizzy. Then he lowered my hips again and touched me with the blunt nose of his scepter. He pushed it in with no lubrication but the saliva from his own mouth.

It hurt again. I had been torn and had bled the night before, but the pain seemed to be something happening on the other side of a heavy plate-glass window. I saw it; I knew that it was real; in a way, I even felt it, but somewhere between my butt and my brain, the fiery stabbings were changed into lashings of lust, whipping me on to higher and higher levels of passion. He penetrated my body with his, and I pulled him tightly to me, wanting him to possess me, wanting him to take me and fuck me as hard as he could. My heels beat on his back, urging him on to greater and greater efforts. The pain was wholly transformed into waves of bliss. His cock

plunged in and out of me, plundering my body and yet bringing more and more treasures to me than I had ever possessed. I clawed at his back with my fingers and sank my teeth into the firm muscles of his neck and shoulder, biting him in my overwhelming lust. I wanted him to split me in half on the cleaver of his cock, open me up like a book that held no secrets from him.

But he pulled my arms away from around his neck where I had been pulling at him. He forced them down and behind my back. With one of his strong hands, he held my wrists in a steel grip, forcing my body to arch upwards toward his in passionate agony. I yielded the ivory bow of my belly to him, the long shaft of my cock springing up from its slender root like a broken rainbow of ruby flesh. His full lips pulled back from his white teeth in a smile of sensuous triumph. He captured the head of my dong between his lips and engulfed it in his mouth. He thrust his whole head down on my spoke, forcing it in and in, past the narrows at the back of his mouth, into the working rings of muscles in his throat, eating me, devouring my cock. His thick prong thrust once more deeply into my guts, lifting me up higher for him to join in the circle of the sucking and fucking.

I screamed as he twisted my arms under me and screamed as my body was destroyed in the power of the orgasm which swept over me. The ME that lives inside my body collapsed in a rush like a balloon when the air is suddenly sucked out of it. The ME folded up into a tiny packet of the thinnest white film and was sucked to the root of my spouting cock. I tumbled and gushed and roared through the length of my cum tube, spurting out into his mouth and drifting on up through his head where the streams of gism reinflated the balloon that was ME. My spirit body hung in the air above us, a duplicate of the body on the bed attached to it by a string of cum stretching from cock tip to cock tip. I, the real ME, my spirit hung in the air and looked down on us. My hair was spread out on the pillow below me like a spilled pool of cloud-stuff. My eyes were holes into the ultraviolet, blue-black of space. My mouth was open as I tried to scream out the intensity of my pleasure, now frozen open in eternal now, my spit glistening on the pink tip of my tongue. My body provided a link in the circle from his lips to the tip of his prong.

Together we made the O of infinity, the perfect circle, unbroken cycle of love-force. I served to make him whole; he gave meaning to my existence.

The jets of orgasm swept on, and I faded into ruby blackness of heat and gasping and release.

I awoke again, newborn, freshly created. I remembered his name. He was David, beloved. "Give me a name," I said with a thick tongue. "You have made me. Name me." He looked down into my face and smiled. He knew what I meant.

"You are Adam, my first lover," he said, holding my half-hard tool in his hand.

I pulled him to me, and our tongues exchanged the honeyed stickiness of our mouths. He pulled his mouth away and put it to my ear. "I love you,"

he whispered, his lips brushing gently against the flesh of my ear. "Fuck me, Adam Stuart." And I took that name. I was Adam Stuart from that day on. I felt the weight of him on me, the pressure of his muscles and bones and thick sex-root. He wanted me, and I wanted to blend myself with him.

My cock ached with an instantaneous erection, harder than ever before in my life. I had never been able successfully to fuck another guy, but it never occurred to me that this near virgin man, this lover of mine would not be able to join with me.

We rolled over iii the bed, and I tongued his asshole as he had done mine. There was no thought as to whether or not I wanted to do it, no fear as to what it would taste like, whether I was being degraded by performing this act of love on his body -- I just did it as immediately and lovingly as I could. It tasted like the scent of rich earth, the source of life, not like shit. I loved it. I stabbed my tongue into him as far as I could get it until my jaws cracked with the effort to stretch them open and my tongue ached with the effort to penetrate him to the utmost. My whole face was dripping with my own spit as I buried it in his crack. He moaned with ecstasy and ran his fingers through my hair.

I spit into my hand and rubbed it on the head of my cock. I was shaking with lust myself. My dong was more excited and pulsing with the pressure of the seed in my nuts than I could remember ever feeling before. I held the knob up to his asshole and pushed gently in, but insistently. I didn't want to hurt him, but he had wanted me to do it, and I couldn't have stopped now that I had begun if the earth opened up and swallowed us in the act. I would have tumbled down into hell, laughing with delight and shoving my dork into his ass as far as I could get it before we hit bottom. I looked down at the hot pink rim of his asshole as it opened up before me. His hair was thick around it, curly and black and shiny. It looked like bearded lips opening to swallow my tool. They stretched open and further open. The skin was stretched tight, white, bloodless. Then it began to tear. Tiny little beads of ruby blood welled out in dots where the flesh gave way. I knew that I was hurting him, knew that he was in at least as much pain as had ripped through me the night before, but I knew that he wanted me to go on with it.

The bleeding mouth closed down around the neck of my dong as the head slipped finally inside him. The flesh of his gut was blazing hot, the ring of muscles around his asshole clamping down on me like bands of living steel. I expected him to want me to wait if not to stop and pull out, but he thrust his hips up at me and forced a couple of inches of my shaft in. I leaned into him hard, feeling his body dividing open as the head of my prong plowed into him. Down and down and down my ass sank toward the bed. Inch after inch of my bone-hard meat sank into his body.

He wouldn't quit, wouldn't complain. A trickle of blood, hot and sticky, ran over my balls and down across his butt. He had me in him all the way, every bit. His assring was squeezing right around the base of my cock. My balls lay in the cleft of his buns. My giant sword had found its sheath!

His face was a mask of burning passion. The pain for him, too, was just a spur for further pleasure. His tongue invited mine to fuck. My mouth was glued to his, and I pulled my cock out for the second thrust. His body clung to it, not wanting to let it go. My blood was forced into my shaft, bringing it to a peak of tension and engorgement. I slammed it back into him, feeling the white heat of his body rushing up my spear like flame up a fuse. I had never experienced this before. I doubt if it could ever have felt so good with

anyone else anyhow. The fuse burnt out and the explosion went off. Too soon, far too soon, oh God, but utterly beyond my vaunted self-control. I was a gay stallion in mindless rut. I was sending forth my seed to bathe my lover's wounds in hot sperm. I shook and snorted and pushed with my toes, forcing myself into him as deeply as I could go. I was cumming off way up inside his belly, shooting my shit out over the pulsing muscle of his bean. I felt his hot cum spraying onto my belly as he joined with me in the agony of his passion.

The greatest joy in sex for me now was not the mind-obliterating spasms of orgasm, but the gentle drifting of soul wrapped around soul, body clinging to body as we slowly returned to earth. It is hard to think of things as silly as time and the world at such moments, but they intrude themselves mercilessly no matter how hard they are banished from the mind. We had to get up. We were hungry and sticky and couldn't live forever in that love nest.

We showered together for a long time, soaking in the heat of the water until we were dizzy with it and with the closeness of our wet, soapy bodies. I washed his body with my hands, feeling and touching every bit of him with my fingertips. He caressed me too, an explorer learning the new territory that he had claimed for himself. We dried each other off and went to the kitchen naked as we had done the night before.

I cooked this time, a huge breakfast for four or more men, and we ate it all, filling our guts with food to give us fuel for more passion. We did not speak as we ate, at least not with our mouths, but his eyes were saying things to me, and I was answering him in kind. Finally he spoke.

"I hate to see you with clothes on. Your body is so beautiful naked. But I guess we can't walk down the street bare-ass, arm in arm. What would the neighbors say?"

I laughed and told him that I couldn't agree with him more. I never felt so utterly natural and happy as when I was totally naked and he was looking at me. I couldn't stand the idea of him hiding his magnificent body under those dowdy old-man's clothes that he had worn either. I wanted at least to see

hints of the treasures he owned. I wanted other men to see them too, and to envy me!

"Let me take you out and buy you some new clothes, Stu," he said.

"Adam," I corrected. "That's what you named me. I'm Adam Stuart now."

He grinned, but his eyes were misted with a deeper emotion, "All right, Adam, how about a fig leaf?"

"Only if you let me pick out some new clothes for you, too, David. That stuff you've been wearing makes you look like a middle-aged file clerk.

You're as handsome as a God, and I want everybody to see it."

He picked up his spoon and put it into his empty coffee mug. He twirled it around with his finger, not looking at me. "Adam, you're going to stay now, aren't you?"

I hate talking straight, opening my heart. It always seems to get me hurt. I would far rather joke, twist my words, tease and hint. I shuddered with emotion and said with a rasping catch in my voice, "I am utterly yours, David, to do with as you see fit as long as my life lasts.

I never lived before this last night and day. I won't live beyond it." I couldn't go on. There was so much more that I wanted to say, but I couldn't. I was crying. He lifted his face up and looked at me. He was crying, too, but smiling with all of the radiance of the sun at the same time.

"I'm glad, Adam. I'm so very glad. You won't ever be sorry, I swear!"

We had to hug and touch each other for a while after that. It was too good to be believed without the evidence of our senses to reassure us that this dream was real. Finally we laughed a bit at the intensity of our love and had a hard time coping with something as overwhelming as that right off the bat. He dressed and so did I. I couldn't bear to see him wear those straight clothes, so I made him put on his gym shorts. At first I didn't want him to wear his jock or even any underwear, but his cock hung out of the leg. I had to admit

that he needed a little more than that to go out in, so we compromised on a swimming jock of his which was made of white nylon cloth; just enough to keep his dong from dropping out of his pants. He put on a tennis shirt that at least showed off the width and thickness of his fine shoulders and arms, but he still looked too straight with that damned little alligator over his left nipple. I tousled his hair and forbade him from sucking it down with greasy kid's stuff. I had to stop and hug him and kiss him a few dozen times while I supervised his dressing.

I cut off a pair of my jeans to make short shorts and put on a T-shirt. I let him brush the last of the dampness from the shower out of my thick blonde hair. He loved to feel it and rubbed his cheek on my head every now and then.

"Do you have to wear those glasses?" I asked.

"I can take them off if you want to be my guide dog for the blind, Adam,"

he laughed. "I can't see my own nose without them."

"Can't you wear contacts? Your eyes are so beautiful, I hate to see them covered up with thick lenses."

"I suppose so. I've never tried. We'll see."

We left the apartment, walking out like Gods into the late spring Saturday. We, or rather, he spent money like a drunken sailor. We tried to out-do each other with the sexiest clothes we could find. I had lived in the city for a year and knew just where you could find the really best stuff even though I had never been able to afford any of it. I had just gone and fingered it and drooled on it, but now I could have anything my heart desired. I was a little surprised that I really didn't want that much. I really wanted to see David trying on the things that I picked out for him. If I had not had total control over my cock, I would have gotten us into some very embarrassing situations, I can tell you! God! He looked so humpy that I wanted to drag him into a dressing room and fuck for the rest of the afternoon. Several of the salesmen looked like they had the same ideas, too. I practically snarled

at them when one of them would sneak a feel of David's basket while measuring his in-seam.

He took the opposite view. He got a big kick out of watching them go ape over what I had tucked into my pants. He insisted that I not wear any underpants, and he made bawdy comments about how my cock looked through the pants I tried on. We went into one shop that catered mainly to gays and stocked a huge selection of leather goods. The dressing rooms there were large and private, covered with mirrors and had comfortable chairs for one of us to sit in while the other was fitted. We wanted a pair of leather pants each. Not the wild kind of sets of leathers, but some stuff that we could wear out on the street. The guy who was going to wait on us was a guy about our age. We went back into the dressing room after picking out some designs that we liked. The guy with the measuring tape was already sweating on his upper lip when he closed the door behind us.

David sat down in the chair and motioned for me to go first. The guy had a chart on a clipboard and knelt in front of the mirror waiting for me.

I slipped out of my shorts and walked over to where he was kneeling. I didn't even have it heavy hanging, but he was already breathing hard and staring at my dong.

"Hang it all the way out, Adam," David said. "I want him to get some good measurements. Got to have room for all of it in your pants!" I let the old tube all the way out. It hangs heavy at nearly nine inches before it starts to get hard and come up. It banged the teen in the nose and made him gasp from shock. He began to take his measurements and write them down on his chart, but his heart wasn't in his work. He kept licking his lips and groaning a little.

I enjoyed watching David's enjoyment of the scene. He was grinning like a cat and rubbing his own basket while the guy went out of his mind trying to measure me. I let him feel me up all he wanted to and even gave him more feels and looks than he could handle. It was destroying his mind completely! When I turned around for him quickly one time and whanged the old wong right across his face, his mind just snapped. He flopped back on his butt and started tearing his pants open to get at his meat. He pulled

out a good-sized dong and started yanking on it like crazy and made a grab with his mouth for my pecker. I just pushed his hand away and looked at David.

David got up and took his pants off, too. His splitter was up and dripping pre-cum. He came over to my side and fingered my dong. I let it harden to his touch. Actually I would have had a stroke if I had tried to keep it soft while he was playing with it. We stood side by side and looked at ourselves in the mirror while the teen lay on the floor at our feet and beat his meat like a madman. I stroked my dick with David as he massaged his wong. We were both pretty damned hot and horny. We ignored the guy on the floor and fascinated ourselves with the vision in the mirror. I was a good two inches longer than David, but he was just as thick or thicker than I was. His body made my heart do back flips, and I was soon struggling not to shoot off before he did just from looking at him.

"You ready?" he asked.

I nodded and turned my face up to him. He kissed me, and I released my cream as his lips touched mine. His arm was around my shoulders as I jismied out the stuff, releasing the tension that had been building up over the sexy day. He did the same thing, pulling out his load of cum as our tongues twisted around each other like mating serpents. We didn't even touch our cocks together, didn't have to.

When we did finally finish cumming off, I looked down at the guy on the floor. We had covered him from his head to his knees with ropes of our slimy fuck juice, and he had added a good bit of his own to the pools of cream on his body. It was even running down the mirror in milky strands.

Neither of us said a word about what we had just done. David just motioned for the guy to continue with the measuring, which he did. He finished measuring me and then did David while the wads of our fuck juice melted and ran down his face. When we turned to get dressed, the teen was licking our cum off the mirror and getting ready to shoot another load, jerking on his dick with his hand covered with our jism.

A stop at an optician's for David's glasses to be measured and his eyes fitted for contact lenses finished our shopping spree and we headed back to the apartment.

CHAPTER FOUR

As we were riding up to the apartment in the elevator, David glanced at his watch. "We'd better hurry up with the dinner. I have to be at the Mission at six." When he saw my face fall, he put his arm around my shoulders.

"Sorry, Adam. I still have to keep up with the project for sociology. Would you like to come down with me and keep me company?"

I smiled at his tenderness and shook my head. "No, I guess not. I'm had enough of places like that for a while. I think I will just explore the apartment some and get ready for bed tonight. You better not wear yourself out, 'cause I'm going to be lying in wait for you when you get home."

I really felt miserable just to have to be away from him for six hours, but I was going to have to get used to it, I guess. I was jealous, not just of the time that he was giving to the Mission, but also of his involvement with school. I was just eighteen then and was a high school drop-out. I wasn't illiterate by any means, but I had none of the formal education that my new lover had, and I was afraid that he was going to get tired of me if I couldn't talk about the things that he liked to talk about. There is much more to a relationship than just good times in bed.

He probably read poetry and history and sociology, stuff I had never heard of.

We ate dinner and I asked him if he had anything around the house that would be good to read. His eyes flashed behind his glasses, and he said that he had some stuff that he had read in an English literature survey that he had just finished that spring semester. He looked so very pleased that I was interested that I had to smile back at him, but I was sure that I wouldn't be able to understand whatever it was that he was going to give me to read. If I couldn't understand it and talk with him about it, then I was going to look more of a fool than if I had just kept my mouth shut.

He gave me this big book and showed me a story in it that he thought I might like. It was a modern English translation of Chaucer's "The Reeve's

Tale". I started reading it after he left and soon was hooked on the story. I couldn't believe that people actually went to college and studied stuff like this. It was so damned funny and dirty that I nearly laughed my ass off in the apartment there by myself.

When I finished the story, I started thinking about it. It was funny, but it wasn't the way that I would have written it. I would have put the two horny clerks in bed together and had them fuck their teeth out with each other instead of the miller's daughter and his wife.

Or even better, have them get in bed with the drunken miller and fuck his asshole all night and let him wake up the next morning with a hangover and wonder why his asshole hurt him so much!

That made me think of the times that I had shared the beds of the guys who lived in the foster homes where I stayed for most of my life. I thought about Steve and what a wonderful summer we had together that year. He was one of the very few guys that I had really gotten to like in the places where I had lived. Most of the homes were just interested in getting the money that the state gave them to pay for my upkeep or in trying to get as much work out of me as they possibly could. The teens whose homes I lived in usually hated the stream of foster children that they were forced to put up with, but Steve had been different. He was a quiet, good-hearted teen, and I came to love him my own way, I guess.

Oh, I looked my age all right, as long as I had my clothes on, but the pride of my life was already growing into his full-sized glory by then. I was a little surprise package for anybody who wanted to unwrap me!

Steve was eighteen, a tall, dark and handsome guy with a sad smile and few words. I remember that when I first met him, the feature that I noticed was how large his hands were. He looked like he could pick up a basketball in one hand with no trouble at all. He shook hands with me and smiled that gentle smile of his. He didn't try to crush my fingers in his grip, either.

That night when we got ready to go to bed, he stripped off in front of me. He was a nearly full grown man by then. His cock hung long and full and thick from the pit of his belly. His cock hair was already bushy and curly

around the base of it. He had two big and juicy balls, too. My mouth watered a little to see them and to imagine how much cum he must have stored in them. I had learned enough to find out that some guys were wild to get into bed with other guys, and some of them would drive your teeth down your throat if you laid a finger on them.

I knew enough to play it pretty damned safe. I liked this guy. He had been really nice to me, and I didn't want to get him mad at me by showing that I was gay if he turned out to be straight. He sure looked humpy as hell, and I hoped that he would like to have some fun in bed, but I wasn't sure yet. He took his clothes off except for his T-shirt. The bottom edge of the shirt came down over about half of the shaft of his dong, leaving his heavy balls and the rest of his cock hanging out. I was just messing around getting my shoes off and waiting for some kind of sign as to how far I would be able to go with him.

"What's taking you so long, Stu?" he said quietly.

"Got a knot in my shoe laces."

"Hurry up with it. God, its hot in here isn't it?"

"Yeah. Doesn't it cool off at night?"

"Not 'til a lot later. I always sleep with just my undershirt on. It's cooler that way. I put the covers down at the end of the bed where we can pull them up when the air cools off some. That all right with you?"

"Fine."

"You ever sleep with other guys in the other places you're stayed?"

"Sure, lots of times."

"What do you like to wear to bed?"

"Not much in hot weather." His cock was big, but still soft.

"You got hair on your balls yet?"

"Not much, just a little bit."

"You old enough to shoot off?"

"Yeah."

"You like to beat off?"

"Every guy likes to do that."

"You ever beat off with other guys?"

"Sure."

"Like it?"

"Yeah. You want to?"

"Well, I do it most every night in bed. I was wondering if it would bother you."

"Won't bother me!" I grinned my sexiest grin at him as I sat on the chair taking my shoes and socks off. He was standing, leaning against the end of the bed with his arms crossed. His cock was lengthening and swelling and getting harder while we talked. He didn't play with it. He just let nature take its course without trying to hide how he felt. I could tell that he was a little nervous and as uncertain about me and I had been about him.

"You sure got a nice one there," I said as his prong raised up its head from under the edge of the T-shirt and his foreskin slid back off, the head by itself.

"Thanks," he said and made it give a couple of jumps in the air. "Let's see yours."

"Okay," I said and stood up. I took my shirt off and then dropped my pants. My undershorts bulged out like I was trying to hide a sack of potatoes in them. He looked more interested than ever.

"You got a hard-on?"

"Not yet." I hooked my thumbs under the elastic band at the top and pulled my pants off. It was a most amazing sight, I know. Plenty of guys have told me just how startling it was. I was strictly chicken back then, hardly any cock hair at all, but the heaviest hung chicken you ever wet-dreamed about. My ding-a-ling hung a good six or seven inches soft and hardened up with another inch or two to spare. It was just monstrously big for a guy my age and size. My balls weren't even much bigger than regular size for my age, and here was this huge hunk of meat hanging off me like a section of fire hose.

"Shit, Stu! You're hung like a fuckin' horse!" he said in amazed delight.

"That's what they tell me."

"Christ, I ain't much bigger than that, and I'm three years older'n you."

I reached out and fondled my soft prong, stimulating it to an erection.

His eyes never left my dong as it swelled up and stiffened under his caressing. When it had topped out at about eight inches, he bent his knees some and laid his own wong on top of it to measure the lengths. He was just the same size. He couldn't get over how hung I was, and the feeling of his hot cock pressed to mine was getting to me. I felt sure that his interest would go far beyond feeling me up and comparing cock. I was right too.

He was very excited by the big dick he had discovered on me and eager to have as much fun with it as he could convince me to go along with.

He let go of me and sat back on the bed, his cock jutting up his belly against the white T-shirt. "You said, 'they' tell you. You mean the other guys?"

"You ever mess around with them? You let them play with your cock?"

"Sure."

"You ever play around with theirs? Did you ever do anything, you know, besides jerking off."

I grinned. "I sure have! You like to do stuff like that?"

He blushed some and nodded his head. He cleared his throat nervously.

"Yeah. I ain't done it much, but I liked what I've tried. Do you suck?"

"Couple of times. Mostly it's the other guys who want to suck on me."

"Will you do me if I do you?"

"Sure. You've sucked before, haven't you?" He shook his head. "I've never done it to another guy, but I've had it done to me."

"Who blew you?"

"Some guy down the road. He's crazy for it. He'd love to suck you off if you want him to."

"Maybe we can teach him some new tricks."

"Yeah."

"You nervous about it?" I was sitting beside him on the bed by then. I had his hard dong in my hand, and he was stroking my big spoke in his huge fist.

"Never did it before."

"You don't have to if you don't want to, Steve. Let me do you first."

He relaxed a little and lay back on the bed, spreading his legs some and putting his hands behind his head. I swung my butt over him and set to work on his wong. As I slipped the smooth head into my mouth, he groaned in pleasure. He was the first guy that I had gone down on who had a foreskin. It fascinated me the way that it slid back and forth across his knob like an eyelid over an eyeball. It was loose enough so that just the movement of my tongue would make it come forward and cover the juicy head or send it back down his shaft, but I couldn't get the tip of my tongue

under it. He was clean, too. I had heard that guys with skins sometimes were dirty, but there was nothing dirty about his dick.

I was getting his goot nice and sloppy with spit, and then I deep-throated it right down to his balls. I had only done that with one other guy before, but I was pretty good at it as long as I was in the right position. He grabbed me by my thighs and jerked his legs up into the air, crying out like I was hurting him. I pulled off, "You okay?" I asked him.

His voice quavered a little as he said, "Yeah, that just felt so fuckin'

good! Nobody ever done nothing like that to me. Do it again, Stu. You want me to tell you when I'm goin' to cum off?"

"You won't need to," I giggled. "I'll be able to figure it out." I put his prick back into my mouth and took his in down to the balls again.

While I blew him, his hands were all over me, feeling my big cock and balls and squeezing the halves of my ass. I was too short for him to be able to go down on me at the same time that I was sucking his joint, but that was all right with me. I enjoyed my work.

I got going so I could take him all the way in and pull him all the way out on every stroke. That's a very tricky maneuver, but when you can make it work without tossing your cookies, it is worth the effort. It was driving Steve out of his tree. I felt his cum tube starting to twitch, and he was making strangling noises trying not to yell with the pleasure that I was giving him. Then he let go, and a thicker, sweeter load I've never had. God! Did he ever fuck the stuff out. I gulped him down into my throat when he started getting the fuck juice out and took most of his heavy load of cream right straight into my stomach, working my throat muscles on the length of his jumping jack while he gismed off.

There weren't many guys that I would even consider sucking, but Steve was one of them, and I wasn't wrong about his eagerness to return the favor.

It took me more than one night to teach him how to deep-throat a cock, but he learned as fast as he could. We spent that night and many nights to

follow sucking each other off, over and over again. No sooner would I be able to get him to jack his nuts and dump a modest load of my own into his mouth, than he would be hot and ready to go again. There's nothing hornier than a couple of teenaged guys going down on each other!

Especially when they are as well equipped as Steve and I were!

The next afternoon, he took me down the road to meet Ned, the colored teen who was crazy for sucking cock. Ned was only about eight or nine years old and didn't have a single hair on his pitch-black nuts, but he learned how to deep throat in one lesson. The teen was a natural born cocksucker. When we didn't come down every day to feed him his daily doses of gism, he would come looking for us to get them.

One day I was going down on Steve when I felt something hot splashing over my butt and legs. It was Ned standing there giggling his fool head off and pissing on me! We jumped up and chased him with him trying to run and piss at the same time and laughing like a crazy guy at it all. The running and the sucking I had been doing made me as hard as hell, and I really felt like throwing him on his back and slamming my fucker up his butt, pain or no pain, but when I caught him, I got a better idea.

I grabbed his arm and spun him around on the grass, and he went down on his butt and bounced. He flopped back and kept right on pissing straight up into the air, the bright yellow piss splashing back down on his gleaming black skin. He was holding his dick like he was a fireman trying to put out a fire and pissing all over himself.

"You bastard," I shouted. "I'm going to get even with you for that! I'm going to piss on your back!"

He squirted the last of his juice at me and just laughed some more. "You just try it, Stuart. You can't piss on me with no boner like you got on you now. Just try it, man."

Well, I did try it, and he was right. I couldn't get it started to save my soul. But he didn't know how much control I had over that dong of mine. I made it go down, and then I was able to piss for sure. I blasted it out, hitting him

right in the middle of his round belly and then moved it up to piss right in his face. To my amazement he sat up and took the stream of hot piss right into his mouth, letting it flood in and run out over his body. And then, swear to God, I got a hard-on in spite of myself while I was still pissing! The old goot came right up to scratch, bigger'n hell and hard as a hoe handle with the piss just spouting out of it. The other guys were as surprised as I was. Ned sat up and stuffed my pissing cock into his mouth and started drinking the stuff right down and Steve was so turned on to see that that he shot off the load that I had been working on right over Ned's face and my belly!

After that, Ned was never satisfied unless I showed him my special trick and gave him a big drink of hot piss from my hard cock. I still can't get it started when I'm on hard, but I can get it started and get hard while I'm pissing anytime that I want to. It has amazed and amused some of my friends and continues to do so today.

Thinking about those days had me horny as hell. I got up from the chair in David's study and stripped off and took a long hot shower. Then I stretched out on the bed and waited for my lover to come home to me. I was ready to do anything that he could possibly ask me to do to give him pleasure, and I was even ready to laugh about the improvement that I had thought of for that story of Chaucer's!

CHAPTER FIVE

I fell asleep on the bed waiting for David. I don't know what awakened me. He was sitting on the other bed, silently looking at my naked body. I didn't have an erection or anything like that -- I was just lazily asleep. He was smiling, and his eyes were two big, shimmering pools of chocolate behind the lenses of his glasses.

"Your arrival was like finding the missing piece to a picture puzzle, Adam. A very big piece right in the middle of the picture. Now I know what it's all about. You know, I used to date girls in high school, not for any particular reason. I didn't feel pushed into it; I just did it for lack of thinking of anything else to do. I've always enjoyed looking at other guys in the showers, but I never felt a real sexual urge toward any of them before I saw you. You were what I have always wanted and not even known that I wanted. You, you knew that I wanted to look at you, didn't you? You felt it, and you showed yourself off on purpose for me.

It was so thrilling for me that I thought I was going to pass out!"

"At first I was afraid of you a little. Your confidence, your big cock, the way you were so sure of your maleness, but then you said that you were willing to rent yourself out to me like a picture on loan from the library, and I got some more courage. It's not really as easy as that, though, is it? I think I'm in love with you. Does that bother you? Do you feel that you are in love with me? Do you even know me?"

It would have been very easy for me to say that I loved him if I didn't.

"I think I do, David, but as you say, I hardly know you."

"I hardly know myself. I'm changing so fast. Can I tell you how I feel right now, what I would like to do?"

"Sure, lover, tell me."

He was nervous. His index finger traced around my nipple and made it stand upright. His fingertips closed around it and pinched down on it firmly. Then he jerked his hand away, and he looked at my face to see if he had hurt me. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"It's all right."

"But I did mean it! That's what I really want to do! I want to totally dominate you! I want to bend you and force you to my will. I want to conquer you and enslave you, to make you do anything that I feel like doing to you."

I was shaken by the fierceness with which he spoke. He frightened me then far more than I ever could have frightened him. He was after all quite big enough and strong enough to break every bone in my body like so many matchsticks. But then another feeling came over me, a feeling like the one I had had the morning before -- the feeling that all I had to lose was my life. And it gave me a sense of complete freedom and also of enormous exhilaration. It seemed that my whole body and soul was turning into hot wax, melting under the heat of his eyes, softening in his hands.

And the more I felt helpless and abandoned, the more excited I got. I was actually panting!

"Take me and do anything! Anything that you feel like!" I gasped. It was like a spark on a pile of powder! He gave a great snort and stood up beside the bed. He towered over me, taking his clothes off with hurried abandon. I lay there quivering and terrified, and the more scared I got, the harder my cock got and the closer I was getting to cumming off at the very idea of him dominating me. He stripped. His dork was so hard it looked like the horn of a huge bull, almost purple with the blood engorging it, and a strand of pre-cum hung from the slit at the tip like a little whip of gism.

He sat down on the edge of the bed quite gently and calmly and took my balls in his huge hand. The warmth of his flesh was like a softly burning flame, stimulating my lust even more. He held them in a firm grip so that they ached with the urge to shoot out the heavy load of cream that had built up there during the evening I had spend waiting for him and thinking about

sex. The pressure slowly increased, making the ache become more insistent. My belly felt like a pressure cooker. I spread my legs to give him more room. He was going to hurt me, I could tell. I wanted him to do it. I wanted him to make me scream in agony. It would be so fantastically pleasurable to endure it without raising a finger to get away from the pain, to lie there and take it and know that he was enjoying it. I guess I had changed a little too.

He looked at me to see if there was any sign of rebellion or antagonism in my face. I smiled at him and squirmed my hips a little on the bed. He smiled back and tightened down hard. So hard that my back arched up off the bed as sheets of incredible pain washed over my body. I felt like a flame thrower was licking at the insides of my thighs, on my asshole, up over my belly. The sweat began to pop out on my face.

"Does it hurt?" he whispered.

I nodded my head. "Yes, very much."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Does it feel good, too, at the same time?"

"Yesssss!" I hissed.

"Are you going to cum for me?"

"If you want me to, I will. I will do anything that you say."

"Not yet. It's too early."

I nodded. He tightened down even more. My balls were in a crushing grip by then. I thought that they were going to pop like a pair of grapes under foot. But my cock was only getting harder and harder. I felt only terrible agony, but my body was reacting like it was the most sensuous blow job that I had ever gotten in my life. I lifted my hips up off the bed and started doing some bump and grinds in the air. It made it hurt even more. I started making fucking motions up into the air. He was looking at me with satisfaction, a look of strong and contented lust on his face.

"Good. I like that," he said. "It's really getting to you, isn't it? Your cock is starting to jerk and smack on your belly like you were going to cum, but you're not going to cum until I hurt you a lot more, are you?"

"No, David," I managed to groan out from behind my clenched teeth. He was right. I wanted to cum so badly that my passion was hurting me even more than his crushing of my balls was. I was about to scream for the orgasm that seemed to hang just out of my reach.

"This time you're going to scream. And when you give in and scream you can cum for me, show me how much you want to please me. Show me how good it feels when I hurt you."

He did it, and the scream and the cum leapt forth at the same time. I have never hurt like that before in my whole life put together. I nearly vomited as I twisted and screamed in mindless agony, but my long dong just jumped and jerked and pumped out the biggest, richest, thickest load of gism I have ever shot in my life. It seemed like he was forcing it out of my balls in spasm after spasm.

My body leaped and jerked on the bed like a great fish gasping out its life on the steaming planks of a boat deck. My mind had exploded into a nova of atomic fire centered at the root of my belly, a ball of white-hot pain that surged in tortured spasms of sex-pain and spewed out in the form of boiling gism onto my body. There was a hot, salty taste in my mouth -- it was some of my cum and some of my own blood where I had bitten my tongue.

The agony and the orgasm together were too much for me, and I passed out.

I was unconscious only for a few moments. When I came to, David had released my balls and was gently lapping my cum off my flesh. His tongue was as gentle as his hand had been brutal. The contrast was enchanting. I had earned his kisses and caresses by pleasing him while he hurt me. The reward was more than worth it to me. I only wanted more!

He licked up a strand of cum from my neck and raised his head to look into my eyes. "You are my slave."

"Yes, Master," I croaked.

"Your tongue is bleeding."

"I bit it when I came." He ran his fingers into my thick blond hair and pulled my head back. Then his mouth descended on mine like Vikings raiding a sea village. His tongue thrust into my mouth, raping me and taking my breath away. He sucked my tongue into his mouth and drank my blood. I was dizzy from lack of air, but I only wanted for him to eat me, devour my body and soul and feed upon me for his strength and pleasure.

"You are mine."

"Yes, Master."

"Good."

"Fuck me, please. Hard. Don't use any grease. I want to feel you flesh to flesh. Hurt me with it."

"I will."

He did. He turned me over onto my hands and knees and pushed my head down into the pillow. I spread my legs and pushed my ass up to meet him. He didn't even use any spit. The knob of his cock was dripping pre-cum, and that was the only lubricant. It felt like a steel ball-bearing, hot from the mill, smooth with the incredible tension of his erection. He forced it into my asshole slowly but with great force. I felt my flesh parting in front of him, not so much opening up as being pierced by his broad arrow. I could even feel the tiniest flecks of shit inside me as they scraped between his cock and the walls of my gut. There was some pain, not nearly as much as when he squeezed my balls, but a hot, searing pain of dry flesh stretched and rubbed by other dry flesh. His shaft sank into me like my body was being pushed down onto a telephone pole -- enormous, dry, scratchy, painful and exciting.

He pulled out, all the way out. Then he slammed back into me, all the way back in with one thrust. I yelled into the soft silence of the pillow.

The thrust of his body shook me like the impact of a wave against the side of a small vessel. He pounded me, each time pulling his dork all the way out and spearing it back in with a violent plunge of his muscular hips. I was bleeding a little from my raw asshole, and the cheeks of my ass were red from the slaps of his thighs. I was in heaven. My cock was so hard that it was trying to fuck its way into my belly button.

His fingers were holding my waist and pushing my hips back to meet the impact of his fucking prong. I was being impaled, gored like a matador by a fierce bull. I was martyred for the sake of both our lusts. He planted his raging cock deep inside me and then lifted me up with his hands to slam my whole body down on his shaft as it began to pulse and jerk with the force of his cum surging into me. My body was so limp that I flopped over like a doll. My own cock thrust into my face, and I felt my gism gushing out and smearing itself over my cheeks. With the last of my strength I managed to open my mouth and captured the head of my dick so that I could suck off into my mouth.

Sucking my own dick is one of my favorite ways to take care of myself, but I never got as big a charge out of it as I did then with his big pole up my butt, fucking the shit out of me. He saw what I was doing, and it seemed to give him even more pleasure. He gave a grunt and spurted the last of his heavy load into me. Then he pulled me off his prong and let me clean the shit and blood and cum off it with my long tongue. He fell asleep while I was serving him, and I was glad. I loved it, but he had worn me out for the night. I crawled up onto the bed and slept with my arms around his knees and my face on his tool and balls.

Since that time I have read some of the S&M books that are for sale in the dirty book stores and gotten a lot of laughs out of them. According to the best of traditions, David should have chained me to the bathroom sink, whipped me several times a day, forced me to wear a dog collar and led me around naked on a leash! Those are all kinky ideas, and we play games like that every now and then to put a little spice in our love life, but if you just think about it a little, you will easily see that such a life would become a massive bore in about a week or less. Just imagine sitting on the hard floor of a bathroom with nothing to do but pick your toenails all day long while

waiting for your master to come home -- not exactly the sexiest thing in the world you must admit. Life is much more interesting than that, and real life is even kinkier than the best fiction!

Sunday morning we slept late, made love some more and had a big breakfast. Then we went for a walk in the park. And I didn't go naked on a leash, either. We tried out some of the nifty new clothes we had bought and made a respectable, if highly sexy, couple of studs. We sat on a bench, and David began to talk about the plans that he was making for me.

Some of his plans will sound awfully straight and middle-class to you, but they sounded utterly sadistic to me -- far worse than having my balls mashed.

"You never finished high school, did you, Adam?"

"No, I quit when I was sixteen, and I've been enrolled in the school of hard knocks ever since."

"One of the best schools there is today, I've heard, but they don't give a diploma. We'll have to get you signed up for a high school diploma equivalency program."

"David!" I howled. "You've got to be kidding, man! I don't want to go back to any chickenshit school!"

"You probably won't have to, but you are going to do it for me, aren't you, Adam?"

I was really put down, man. He was pushing my swing, no doubt about it! I was looking forward to surrender to his wishes, but this sure as hell wasn't anything I had thought of! "Yes, David, if you say I have to."

"I do say so, but you will realize that it is the best thing for you anyway. All you will have to do already know, and if you pass them, you get the equivalency diploma. You might have to study some more stuff to pass them, but I don't think it will take more than a month or so judging from the level of intelligence that you've shown me." We had talked about that story

of Chaucer's, and he wanted me to write the story the way that I had thought it should have been! How can you argue against flattery like that?

"Next, we will have to look into getting a job for you."

"A JOB! WHY?" I howled again. "Why do I need a job?"

"What are you going to do all day, then? I have to go to school. I have my project at the Mission. Are you planning to sit around the apartment all day on your ass and get fat on me like some sloppy housewife?"

"Well, I could clean up and do the shopping and stuff like that."

"I have a maid who does the cleaning. I cook my own meals and do my own shopping. I don't need a mere servant, Adam." I have never heard such a chilly voice. I'm sure that he wasn't worried about me mooching off his money. He had plenty of that to spare. "If you want to become a housewife, Adam, you will need more than a sex-change operation -- you will need to have your brain removed or disconnected first. I don't want a handsome zombie hanging around." There were icicles and snowflakes on his breath. I shivered. I didn't want that either. I couldn't have taken it really. He was right.

"What kind of a job should I get, David? I guess I could work construction. I don't have enough education to get much else."

He smiled, and the sun came up again. I basked in the warmth of his face.

"That's more like it. I suppose working construction would be all right, but I had another job in mind. I was thinking about you working at the Mission with me."

"The Mission! God, David, all you do down there is work with a bunch of dirty old drunks! Oh, I know somebody has to do work like that, but not me. I'd rather work my ass off in construction. At least then I would be working around some humpy looking guys." My tongue froze in my mouth then.

I shouldn't have said that. I had just admitted out loud that I was always going to be interested in other humpy guys, not just my master.

God, what had I said?

He saw the look on my face, the fear of offending him that showed all over me, but he just smiled. "I'm glad we are in agreement about that, Adam," he said. I couldn't figure out what he was talking about. "I don't have any intention of keeping you from fucking with other guys that turn you on, and I'm certainly not going to limit myself to one stud." He laughed, "I've just barely gotten started myself." I was very puzzled. I thought I was falling in love with him. I thought he was in love with me.

How could we be in love if we weren't going to be faithful to each other?

He answered the question in my puzzled look. "You belong to me, Adam. You are going to be faithful to me here and here." He touched my forehead and my chest. "Not here," he touched my crotch. Remember, we were sitting out in the open on a park bench. The touch of his hand on the crotch of my jeans was fantastically daring and thrilling to me, knowing that the people walking by could see him doing it. He put his arm up on my shoulder, his hand around the back of my neck. His strong fingers massaged the tense muscles there. My head felt wobbly, and the blood was singing through my brain.

"You belong to me, don't you, Adam?"

I nodded my head. Red and gold spots were dancing in front of my eyes.

"If I tell you to go out and find a sexy guy and fuck him, will it make you any less mine?"

"No," I whispered.

"If you bring him home to me so that I can enjoy fucking him too, wrn I be any the less your special master?"

"No, David."

"You understand then."

Once again I felt that utter release of surrender, that incredible passion for him to take me and do whatever he wanted with me. I actually started to faint right there on the park bench, and he had to put my head down between my knees to bring me around. He laughed it off, but my eyes were swimmy with desire for him.

"Now, as for your working down at the Mission. You weren't exactly a drunken old man when I found you there a few days ago, were you?" I had to laugh, too. I was plenty dirty, but neither drunken nor old. "I had in mind your working with the club that the Mission runs. Most of them are neighborhood guys, but some of them are guys without homes. I have an idea that we can find many guys who would be interested in having a little fun with us. Does that sound like more fun than a bunch of old drunks?"

I grinned. It sure as hell did. God, how I would have loved to have met someone like David then. A big, handsome stud who wanted to do the kinds of things that I wanted to do, a guy who would show me what it was all about. But then, I had always been like that. My grin faded.

"I've studied some stuff about sexual development, Adam. A person's sexual preference is pretty well decided at about the age that you learn to talk. You are not influencing his development at all, just giving him a chance to try out some of his desires with an older guy than he might have chosen in the first place. I only wish that I had been able to have the chance to experiment and find out what I wanted in life at an earlier age than twenty. I'm off to a hell of a late start, myself. You don't meet many gay virgins who have made it to the advanced age of twenty as I did. It's just a hell of a waste of time, as far as I can see it."

"It's all right, then, David?"

His face got very solemn, and I felt that I could look right into his heart in spite of his glasses. "I'm not a cruel guy, Adam. Can't you see that telling you to do something that was really, really wrong would be the worst kind of cruelty? I want to possess you, to make you mine, but if I did something like that, you just wouldn't be a person to be anyone."

I would have destroyed your humanity, the reason that I love you."

Oh hell! I started crying, and I kissed him right on the mouth right there on the park bench. To hell with the people who were walking by and their stares. I love this guy, and I don't give a flying fuck at the moon what the rest of the world thinks about it! I got us both all blubbery and messy, but he wasn't any more embarrassed than I was. Not my David!

When I got over it and pulled out my snot-rag and wiped my face off, he blushed a little bit, but it wasn't from what we had just been doing.

"Would you, uh, would you take me to a tearoom, Adam?" I busted out laughing. I couldn't help myself, and he laughed too and gave me a punch on the arm. "All right, you bastard, go, ahead and laugh at the innocent virgin if you want to! I've heard about tearooms, but I've never been to one, and I don't even know where to find one in this city. Do you know where we could find some action at this time of day?"

"Do I ever!" I laughed. It just tickled the hell out of me that this great big guy, this super sexy guy, this master of mine was asking me to take him to a tearoom because he didn't even know where to find one.

Christ! With a humpy macho body like his, he could have gone in any men's room in the whole fucking city and flopped out his thick dork and had the guys tearing down the walls to get at him!

"Do you think we could find some really wild action... you know, a lot of guys doing it where we could watch them? It is Sunday afternoon."

"Sunday afternoon is the best time of all," I said. "That's when most guys have time off to go on the prowl. Just tell me what kind of stuff you want to watch, and I'll take you there."

He was as pleased as a little kid who had been told that he could go to any of the movies playing in town. "Well, I want to go to a fairly safe place. I don't want us to get busted by the vice cops. And I want to see all kinds of things, really wild stuff with guys our age."

"Then we'll go to the library at the University."

"The University? I've been there hundreds of times, and I've never seen anything like that."

"You just didn't know where and how to look. Have you ever been down to the men's room in the basement?"

"A couple of times, I guess. It's so far down the stairs. It's more convenient to use one of the johns in the stacks."

"Precisely! Not many straights wander down there by mistake. When you've been down there, haven't you noticed anything?"

"Well, there are pictures drawn on the walls of the booths and messages and stuff, but I..."

"You just never knew what to do to get in on the action. Come on lover, I'll show you!"

CHAPTER SIX

The oldest part of the campus sat at its bean like a quiet island of green amid the newer buildings. The library was one of the oldest buildings of them all. It was an enormous old pile of gray, crumbling stone covered with vines and shaded by huge trees even more ancient than it was. It looked to me like an old turtle, gray with age, covered with moss, sunning itself in the center of a swimming hole while the students came... and went around it like brightly colored flies. It was comfortable and wise lying in the warmth of the spring sun, an old tunic full of years and full of knowledge, impassive, unconcerned with the transient students, but pleased nonetheless that they were there to give it some life and amusement.

And down inside it, way down in its belly was the men's room, the silent old cell, always slightly damp, cool even in the hottest times of the summer, rich in the stinks of humanity. The smells were as old as the building, as old as humanity itself -- shit and piss and disinfectant and the sharp, soul-aping tang of fresh sperm spilled from cocks, spewed out of frantic balls still new to the ancient games of would-you-like-to and I-don't-know-if-I-should and just-let-me-touch-it and do-it-some-more-it-feels-so-good.

David was nervous. It pleased me that I knew more about the place than he did. I hadn't been there many times, and he had been there hundreds of times, but I was the one who knew the secret places, the secret ways. I was the one who would show him the pleasures to be found there, like diamonds hidden under an old rock.

He didn't want to go in right away. He pulled me aside and indicated a spot for us to sit by ourselves in the shade of one of the old trees in front of the building. When he sat down, I could see that his cock was already fiercely hard under the thin denim of his pants. He was so excited that he was trembling and there was a fine layer of sweat on his upper lip.

"I want to watch at first," he said. "I want to watch them doing it with you, Adam. Can you arrange it like that?"

"I don't know. You never can tell what the mood is going to be like in a tearoom. Sometimes it's so wild can hardly keep any of your clothes on.

Sometimes everyone gets so prissy that you can hardly even get a decent blow job. They will probably be suspicious of a stranger standing around and not taking any part in the action. They may suspect that you are some kind of vice cop yourself. Just come on with me and wing it, lover. Don't be nervous. You'll be the hit of the party."

He didn't look very sure of himself, but he was eager to find out what the scene was like. I smiled as I thought of how nervous he had been taking me home with him for the first time. He had made a hell of a lot of progress in just a few days. He may have been my master, but he was still wet behind the ears!

He got up and approached the main entrance. There was a wide flight of stairs going up to a sort of hall or foyer before you went into the main doors. Inside was another flight of stairs up to the main floor and two smaller staircases one either side of it that went to the ground floor.

We went down. At the bottom of the stairs were a soft drink machine and sofas and chairs for students to relax and have a smoke while taking a break from their work. Three guys were sitting on the sofa with Coke bottles in their hands. They might have been just taking a break, but I was pretty sure that they were sitting there to keep an eye on any guys who went down the stairs to the basement men's room.

The guy in the middle was very tall and skinny. He was taller than either David or me, and his long frame looked like the body of a greyhound.

There was not the tiniest drop of fat on it anywhere, nor much muscle either, just bones and sinews, tough and flexible and still strong looking in spite of his thinness. He looked up at us as we came down the stairs, and the three of them stopped talking. The tall guy had a big afro-style haircut, honey brown in color. His face was as long and thin as his body, and his eyes were crossed. He looked like a startled bird as he stared at David and me, open in his curiosity. He lifted the Coke bottle to his mouth and took a long drink. His big Adam's apple bobbed as he drank, and there was

something about the way his lips curled around the opening of the bottle that was terribly sexy.

The guy on his right was shorter and darker, chunky almost. His muscles were firm and full and his skin tanned. He was wearing a pair of white tennis shorts and a pullover shirt. He looked like he had just come off the courts. He had a terry-cloth wrist band on his right wrist and was sweating a little. His long oval face was framed with shaggy dark hair.

His nose was long, his hips full, and his eyes were big and dark. He had no expression on his face, but his eyes had a glint of interest in them.

The third guy was short and slender and blond, but not the startlingly white blond that my hair was. He had hazel eyes and small, red lips, with just soft down on his cheeks. He might have made a cute girl, but the tight mound of his basket sufficiently indicated what sex he was. His pink tongue tip darted out over his lips as we passed by.

I was sure that all three of them were gay. Why? Can a gay spot another gay? How? It's hard to tell. Neither of the first two guys was in any way effeminate. As a matter of fact, they glowed with masculinity. Only the third guy gave any hint of the stereotype that straights have about gays, and even he wasn't a swish or anything like that. He just looked a little soft around the edges, a little bit not-straight if you know what I mean.

Okay, so he looked a little gay, but there are plenty of effeminate men who have no interest in other males and are as straight as arrows. How did I know that they were gay then?

Well, they just radiated sex. The way that they held their bodies hinted at an openness, a possibility of sensuality not bound by the tight restrictions of straight males. There was a looseness in their hands and legs and bellies that said, "I'm easy." Their eyes said that they might not mind if I touched them. The slow throb of the pulse in the neck of the tall guy said he might like to touch me. The full lips of the dark teen said kiss me and feel the scratch of my beard stubble on your cheek.

God, where does that ping-ping high up in your belly under your heart come from? Why do your nuts ache and feel heavy around certain men and not others? Don't ask me any more.

David and I turned and went down the stairs that led to the basement. At the bottom was a door marked "janitor" and one marked "men". We didn't have to worry about janitors on Sunday. Inside the men's room was a long, narrow room with a line of sinks and towel dispensers with another door on the right. The door to the bathroom squeaked when we opened it, and anyone could have heard us coming down the stairs. There was no way you could surprise anyone down here. The sound of feet shifting on the floor and toilet seats creaking told me that we had not surprised whoever was down there with us.

David and I went into the other room. One side of it was lined with urinals, and the other side had the toilet booths. There were no doors on the toilets. We strolled down the length of the place to see who was there before us. Only two of the stalls were occupied. One held an older man who looked up as we passed. I got a glimpse of a tanned face, seamed and wrinkled, curly black hair peppered with gray and goatee below dark-framed glasses. I don't know why I dislike glasses so much, but I do. The other guy was a black stud. He had his head down looking at his feet, so I didn't get much of a look at him. He had a short afro, and his skin was very dark black, I noticed that he was barefoot, his big strong feet lightly powdered with the pale dust of the campus.

When we got to the end of the row, I gestured for David to take the next to the last booth, and I took the urinal just to one side of the door of the booth where he sat. He could get a clear look at me as I stood a little sideways to him and unzipped my pants. I watched him drop his pants. His cock jutted up from the root of his belly like the branch of a tree. It was terribly hard and erect, like a one-eyed snake arched up from the earth in search of prey. He struggled to force it down between his legs and out of sight, but couldn't manage it because he was so excited. I gestured for him to pull his T-shirt out over it, and he did.

I pulled my pecker out and hung it over the cup of the urinal. I set the old meat on long, loose and limber, the best bait there is. Then I waited for the

fan to begin. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before I saw the tops of the other two guys' heads sticking out as they tried to get a look at what was going on. I knew that they had waited to hear any sounds of me or David taking a piss or a shit, and when they heard nothing but the blessed sound of zippers going down, they knew that we were probably in there for the same reason that they were.

Finally the older guy stuck his head all of the way out of his booth and took a look at me. I smiled and waved my cock at him, and he grinned back. Then I heard him getting down off the toilet and then the black guy getting down and giving him what we had interrupted by coming in. I motioned for David to put his head down and look under the row of partitions. I couldn't see anything from where I was standing, but I could hear the sounds of a lovingly thorough blow job being given. David was squeezing on his dork like he was going to bend it into a pretzel. I kept my dong from going all the way on hard and enjoyed in my mind what David must be seeing.

The partitions came up almost to the level of the toilet seats, so I knew that he could get a good look. I imagined seeing that black ass tightening with the thrusts of pumping his big cock into the goateed mouth of the older man. The slurping sounds gave me just the rhythm that they were using. The black guy began to moan softly, and I thought I could hear his fingernails scratching at the metal of the partitions. He was breathing hard, and I heard his body slide further under the partition. Then he gave a long, drawn-out groan as he fired off his thick load of fuck juice into the other guy's mouth and throat. It must have been a hell of a good job judging from the sound of intense satisfaction in his grunts.

Then there was the sound of somebody getting up off the floor and pants being pulled up and zipped. David was still leaning over and looking, probably at the older guy looking back at him. The black guy slipped out of his booth silently on his bare feet and left. He was a chunky looking stud, but I still didn't get a good look at his face. The door squeaked as he left, but my extra sharp hearing also picked up another, fainter sound. We waited, and the older guy stuck his head out and looked at me with a grin again. But I stayed where I was and just glanced over my shoulder at David.

His face was flushed and his cock had soaked a spot of pre-cum through his T-shirt.

Just as I suspected. There came the three guys that we had seen earlier.

They had come in just as the black guy had left. Sneaky bastards! They had tried to get in without us hearing them come through the door so they could catch us at whatever we were up to. They looked disappointed, but the sight of my long dong quickly took their minds off their disappointment. They descended on us like a trio of vultures, only it was fresh meat that they were after, not carrion.

The tall guy stepped toward me with long strides, one of his eyes on my face and the other one on my cock. The dark-haired guy hung back, and the short blond was hunting for David. The cross-eyed guy went down on me with a swoop. He was down on his knees, had my hips turned toward him and my limp tool down his gullet in one smooth motion. It was like a stork guzzling up a big fish. The guy gave a squeal of delight when he found David. I watched him over the bobbing afro in front of me. The teen was nothing if not bold. Poor David didn't have a chance of just watching. He had wanted some wild group sex, and he got it, only he was very definitely in the group! The teen pushed him back against the wall and pulled up his T-shirt out of the way. He gave another squeal when he saw David's thick, dripping cock, all hot and ready to be eaten. He fell to with a vengeance, stuffing the hard spear down his throat while he struggled to get his own pants down.

The dark-haired guy grinned at me and took his pecker out to join us. It was long and thick and dark-skinned. He fingered it into a full erection and just played with it a little while he watched the action of the rest of us. The guy working on my meat was one of the most expert cocksuckers I had ever run across. He had me up hard and throbbing in spite of myself. And he was taking me all the way in, right down to the roots of my prong! He was really a master at it, because he could do it facing me and swallowing every damned bit of my ten inches without the slightest difficulty or gagging. He was slamming his nose into my belly with every thrust of his head down on my wong and chewing at my cock head with the swallowing muscles in his throat. He had me boiling, ready to cum off in a matter of minutes.

David was grinning at me while the teen went down on him. His grin was a little crooked, and I wondered if this scene was fulfilling his fantasies. The teen had finally managed to pull his pants down over his white, tight ass, and he was working one of his fingers up his asshole as he sucked on my master's dong. Then he jumped up and turned around. He gave me a wink as he sat down on David's dork and slid it up his tail. I must admit that I was very impressed with his capacity.

He was younger and smaller than I, but he seemed to have no trouble taking David's thick dick up his asshole. He looked like he was in seventh heaven as he rammed his butt down on it and tugged on his own dork. His cock was small to medium-sized, about six inches long with a big fat head on the end. It was almost blue with the pressure of the blood engorging it, and already drooling a string of pre-cum down the hard shaft.

The skinny guy sucking on my cock shoved his hand up between my legs and cupped my balls while he fucked his head on and off my prong. Then he stuck a finger up my bung hole, and that was all she wrote. I grabbed his afro and planted my pecker halfway down to his stomach and blew off a good load into his gullet. He wiggled that finger around in my tail and whipped the gism out of me. I gave him all I was good for, and that was a pretty fair cup of cream.

David and the guy were in about the same shape. David bucked his hips up off the toilet and drove his spike up the guy's butt and blasted off. The guy came off with him like he was pissing. He had a big, damned silly grin on his face as he jacked on his prick and sent a stream of cum all the fucking way across the shithouse! I mean he came like a faucet! The stuff squirted out in thin strings a good five or six feet out into the air and down on my shoes and across the back of the guy who was sucking the last of the juice out of my wong! He looked damned proud of himself, and I guess he had reason to be. I would never have thought that the fucker had that much cum in him.

I noticed then that the older guy had come out of his stall and was standing next to the dark-haired guy, playing with his cock. The guy was paying no attention to him, though. He was staring at me. He was looking straight into my eyes and ignoring my cock, which was still hard and smoking from the

blow job I had just had. He pushed the older guy's hands away from his darkly handsome cock and offered it to me. "Suck it," he said. His full lips were in a slight sneer. I didn't like the way he looked. He reminded me of the snotty bastards who had turned me off all of my life.

"Why don't you blow me, friend?" I said, looking just as though and trade as he did.

"I don't do that shit, man," he said, stepping closer to me and putting his hand on my shoulder. He pushed me down to his tool. "Blow it."

"Fuck you," I hissed and tried to get away from his grip, but he was a strong son-of-a-bitch. His fingers sank into my shoulder and hurt me as he tried to force me down on my knees. The tall guy was squatting on the floor enjoying our contest of wills. Then David stood up. He had the guy still impaled on his prong, and he picked him up and set him out of the way like you would get rid of a cat in your lap when you wanted to. As a matter of fact, he draped the guy across the partition between the booths. He kicked out of his pants and stepped out of the stall. He seemed to swell up, bigger and bigger, strong and stronger, like a cock getting hard. I nearly creamed just looking at him, my master, my big fucker!

He reached down and pulled the big, thick leather belt I had chosen for him out of his pants loops. The thing hung in his hand like a strap for a wrist watch. His hand went out and fastened around the other guy's wrist, right around the terry-cloth band. His hand tightened down, and the dark-haired guy went white around his lips. His fingers let go of my shoulder as if they were the lifeless fingers of a rubber glove.

"My friend here said he doesn't want to blow you, but I think that it would be a good idea if you sucked him off, don't you?"

The room was nearly silent for a minute, just the sounds of heavy breathing. The teen had scrambled down from the partition, and the older man had stepped back out of the way of trouble. The chunky, dark-haired teen had been the ring-leader, I could tell. He had been the big stud, but now you could almost see his power draining out of him in the eyes of his two buddies. His hand was white and was beginning to turn blue in David's

grasp. He was gritting his teeth and trying to stand up to my master, but he was clearly out-classed. His knees began to tremble, then he suddenly went down. He tried to kick at David's fat nuts with his foot. The older guy decided that it was time for him to get the hell out of there, and he headed for the door, still fumbling with his zipper.

David gave a heave, and the guy swung right up off the floor with the force of his own kick. He dangled from David's hand like a broken doll.

David was holding him up off the floor a couple of feet just with one arm. Then there was a sickening crackling sound, and the guy gave a strangled scream. David had crushed his wrist in one hand. He dropped him on the floor.

"He's not good enough to suck your cock, Adam. Piss on him!" he ordered.

For the first time in my life, I managed to start pissing while my cock had a full hard on. The stream of hot piss shot out with terrible force, stinging the crying teen's face and splashing back in a fine spray all over the floor. As I stood there with the hot fluid gushing out of my hard goot, David ordered the other two teens to do the same. The guy was eager to help out. He ran around to the other side of the dark-haired teen and quickly sent his stream of piss out to join mine. The tall, cross-eyed teen remained where he was, squatting on his knees, but his pecker was soon pissing on his former leader too.

David smiled triumphantly and joined us. His thick dork was pissing freely, a river of golden, gushing piss. "Open your mouth, fucker, and drink it," he ordered.

The teen's mouth opened and the four streams of piss splashed against each other as they rushed into the open mouth. "Drink it!" His throat began to work, choking and gagging as he tried to swallow as the stuff flowed out over his face and onto the floor. He drank it.

David put his arm around me and put his lips to my ear. His hot male breath gusted against the flesh of my ear. "Cum!" he said.

Instantly, with a flash of terrific pain, the stream of piss shut off and was replaced by a wave, a fountain of fuck juice! My hips lurched and bucked, and I shivered in his grasp as my seed leaped out of my balls in spurts over the prostrate teen.

David wiped his cock off in the tall teen's hair, and I did the same. He put his pants back on and slipped the belt back into the loops. He had not even had to use it on them. We walked out. As I turned to leave, I saw the two teens standing over their fallen leader. He was writhing and moaning on the floor holding his broken wrist. They were jerking off on him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Come on, let's get started," David said. This time I was the one who was nervous. I was so nervous, I thought I was going to puke. David had gotten me the job with the teens at the Mission without any trouble. (And without much pay, either.)

I have never been a leader or even been interested in large groups of guys. All of my life, I have been more or less a loner. My relationships with other guys have always been one-to-one. And I grew up mostly in the country, not the streets of a big city. I didn't even know how to play team sports, either. I couldn't dribble a basketball if my life depended on it. I began to think that David should have been the one to handle the teens -- the drunks looked better to me every minute! But I was willing at least to give it a try for David's sake.

I walked into the grubby old classroom next to the gymnasium with my heart in my mouth. It didn't look quite as bad as it might have been.

There were about twenty guys in the room, sitting on top of the desks and lounging against the walls. Apparently it wasn't too cool for the older guys to hang around the Mission. On the other hand, the two older teens, one black and one white, looked like they were there for just one purpose

-- to make life as miserable as possible for me!

They didn't realize that I was supposed to be the one in charge until I got in front of the big desk and started telling them to be quiet and to get seated in the desks. Some of the other guys looked pleased to see me.

Some of them looked puzzled and disbelieving. The two older guys looked like they were going to have fun taking the command of the group away from me and making me the butt of their jokes.

I handed out a sheet of paper and a pencil for each guy to put his name and age on and spent the few minutes looking over the two older teens.

The black guy, whose name turned out to be Andre, was a good three or four inches taller than I was. He was very handsome and lean. His skin was so black that it gleamed blue under the lights. His family had come from Haiti, and he still had a trace of a French accent. He was wearing nothing but a tight necklace with some kind of tooth on it and a bulging pair of cut-off jeans. I mean nothing else -- no shoes, no shirt, and very plainly, no underwear. He was the humpiest looking black guy I had ever seen, but I was more scared of him than turned on right then. He looked like TROUBLE with ten toes!

The white guy looked even worse. He was no taller than I was -- he just out-weighed me by about fifty pounds of solid muscle. He looked like an apeman, low brow, huge jaw, and little stupid eyes. His name was Stan, and he was pure Polish horse. He looked like he was looking forward to trouble, too, but he would be too dumb to think of anything clever. Andre would provide the brains. Stan would take care of simple physical intimidation. Between the two of them, they would grind me to bits like wheat between the millstones! What fun this was going to be!

"Awright, guys," I said trying to look as tough and in-control as I could manage. "My name is Adam Stuart. I'm supposed to organize the athletic program tonight for you guys. What sports are you interested in?"

A skinny guy with a big Jewish nose stuck up his hand, and I nodded at him. "How about basketball, sir?"

"You don't need to call me 'sir', just Adam or Stu will do. I answer to both names." I was hoping very much to get off the subject of basketball if I could.

"Or we could organize a chess team," another guy said. The room erupted in catcalls, hisses and boos.

"I don't know how to play chess," I said.

"I'd be glad to teach you, Adam," the guy said. He was giving me the eye and leaning forward eagerly in his seat.

"Oooo, that's fairy nice!" Andre said in a lisping voice, and all of the guys started laughing at the Jewish guy. I was getting mad as well as scared by then. If I didn't make a move soon, they were going to take the whole thing right out of my hands, and I would never get control back from them.

"We might consider that, uh, what's your name?"

"Seth."

"We might consider that, Seth, but I wonder whether any of us are clever enough to learn it." More hisses.

"What else would you like to play?"

"Wrestling."

"Baseball."

"Drag racing." Ha, ha, ha.

"Squirrel." More laughs.

"Circle jerk!" Much more laughter.

"Hey, Snow Baby, you bleach your hair?" Andre asked.

"Andre, you want to be the boss around here?" I asked.

"Am ahm de boss around here, Snow Baby!"

"Zat so, Stan? Is Andre the boss?"

Stan shifted his meaty legs in the seat. He didn't like it being put to him quite that way, quite so openly and bluntly, but he finally jerked his head, "Yeah, I guess so."

"Okay, Andre, what makes you the boss? Why are you the best?"

He slouched back in his chair and looked at his fingernails. He was so proud of himself that he could hardly stay inside his skin. "I am the smartest, the strongest, and the coolest dude of them all," he said with a certain satisfaction.

"And he's got the biggest cock on the North Side!" one of his admirers added for him.

"Zat so? Doesn't look like it to me. Stan here looks stronger than you, and I'll bet Seth is smarter. I don't know how you measure cool, but I know how to measure cock." The room exploded in cheers and yells. "You want to have a little contest to see who should be the boss?" The guys were whistling and stomping and banging on the desk. They were eating it up. "You want to try arm-wrestling with Stan or playing a game of chess with Seth?"

Andre was getting flustered and looking angry. He knew very well that he couldn't beat either of the other two teens in their areas, yet he desperately wanted to hold on to his leadership. I was maneuvering him right into the trap I had planned, and he jumped right into it, feet first.

"You not any stronger or smarter than I am, White Boy, and I know I got you beat with my meat!" They loved his answer. I was sitting on the big desk letting them all have a good look at my basket, but not showing hardly anything at all. I wanted him to dig his own grave before I neatly pushed him in.

"Is having a big dork the most important thing in being the boss?"

"Good enough to beat you, Snow Bunny."

"Would you give up trying to be boss if my cock was bigger than yours?"

"Would you give up, White Boy, if I proved it?"

"Don't do it, Stu," Seth said. "He's really got a monster!"

"You ain't got a chance, man. My buddy's got the biggest there is!" Stan boasted.

The guys were all getting excited at the prospect of getting to see us compare our dorks. I noticed a few hard boners sticking up in some pants and getting tugged at by hands. Whatever these city boys were, they sure as hell were about as innocent as hundred year old whores. There wasn't a blush or a sound of dissent in the whole bunch. They were as eager and horny as a bunch of monkeys.

I felt confident enough to be openly gay now as long as I acted tough and macho about it. "Let's make it a little more interesting. Why don't we say that the biggest cock gets to fuck the loser?" The guys went wild over this added attraction.

"Now I see what you want, man. You just wanted my big black cock up your asshole."

"Sounds to me like you're scared you might lose. Scared of taking a white dork up your butt, Andre?"

"Nothing to be scared of, White Boy!" His eyes blazed with anger. "I take you on for the biggest dick any time!"

"Right now, then!"

"You on!"

He hopped up out of his chair and strode to the front of the room. He proudly peeled his shorts off, revealing, as I had expected, nothing under them but his blue-black skin. He dropped them and kicked them away, contemptuously. I started worrying for the first time that I might get beat. His cock hung down halfway to his knees! It was thick and pitch black and uncircumcised. I estimated that it must have been nearly as long soft as mine was on hard! Oh, Jesus! I've really booted it now, I thought. All I need is to get beat and get fucked in front of the group and I'll never be able to show my face around this place again!

He stroked himself sensuously and proudly, his meat thickening and stiffening. "Go on, man, got you beat already? Show us what you got that you so proud of."

I pulled down my pants and undershorts to my knees. My dong looked just fine for say a locker room, but it looked awful damned weak next to his huge black cock. There were some sneers and chuckles and guys saying that Andre had me beat by a mile. I took my pants all the way off and leaned back against the desk, trying to look confident. Then I let it all hang out as far as it would go. There was a lot of oohs and aahs and even a few cheers from the guys who wanted to see Andre get beat for once. I looked a lot better, but I wasn't hanging as heavy or as long as he was.

He was playing with his prick and getting it up hard. The dark foreskin slid back, showing the blackest, shiniest cockhead I had ever seen. You could almost feel the heat coming off it in waves. He had it completely hard, and I was really worried. If my prong was going to be larger, it was going to be by a small fraction of an inch.

"What's the matter, White Boy, can't you get it hard? Got you runnin' scared?"

"Just waiting for you to get ready," I said mildly. I spread my legs and really turned the juice on. I came up from hanging almost straight down to straight up and quivering hard in about two seconds -- one of the best and fastest performances I had ever managed. I had to bring it really close to cumming off to get it to its greatest length, but I added on more inches than he had when he got his dong on hard. It was going to be mighty damned close. Now he swallowed and looked a little uncertain of himself.

Seth ran around and got a ruler out of the desk and grabbed my goat and measured it. "Ten inches!" he announced to the guys watching. The room was very quiet. He measured Andre. "Ten inches! It's a tie!"

"Hey, I don't believe you," Stan said. He grabbed the ruler away from another guy and measured for himself. He squeezed my cock so hard, I

thought I was going to shoot off on his pants, but I made sure that he measured fairly.

"By God, it is a tie!" he announced. I was really pissed off, and so was Andre. I had been so certain that I could beat him that I hadn't thought of what to do if he even came close. He was obviously in the same situation. But I had the psychological advantage at least in not losing to him.

I was thinking fast. I got on an idea. "Guess were going to have to measure what cool is after all," I said. "Let's see how cool you can be when things get hot." I took out a box of kitchen matches that I had in my pocket. I took one of them and stuck it up my piss hole about three-quarters of an inch and did the same with another match in the juicy hole at the tip of his prick. "You want to light them and see which one of us chickens out first?"

He was about sweating blood! Like most guys who are in love with their cocks, he was scared to death of hurting it. I was banking on this fear and the knowledge that I was pretty sure that I could take a lot more pain than he could. He sucked his lips into his mouth and bit down on them. I was right. He was really scared shitless, but afraid even more of admitting it in front of the guys. You could have heard a cockroach fart, it was so quiet in there. The muscles on his flat belly were quivering a little, but he nodded his head. He accepted my challenge.

There was a rush of murmurs and whispers throughout the room. These guys had seen lots of contests about who had the biggest cock, but they had never seen anything like this! We stood matchtip to matchtip, our cocks straining with tension. Stan lit the two matches at the same time, and we stepped back from each other. I ignored the match that was burning in my pisshole and focused my eyes on Andre's face. He tried to match my gaze, but his eyes kept going down to his pecker to see how close the flame was to the tip of his prick. The flames burned slowly but steadily and brightly, closer and closer to the tenderest flesh a man has. I smiled at him, perfectly relaxed and knowing that I was going to win.

We would have made a hell of a pair of birthday cakes for a couple of gay Gods -- one the blackest black, the other the whitest white with cock candles all lit and burning. But nobody was going to blow them out and

make a birthday wish. Nobody was going to blow them out until one of us cracked under the fear and tension. It wasn't such a bad way to choose a boss after all.

Andre's eyes were focused on the burning wooden match stuck into the head of his cock like he was trying to will the flame to go out. He was sweating heavily and trembling now. The wavering yellow flame burned close enough for the wetness around his cum hole to dry up, then it began to hurt. He broke completely. It wasn't the pain -- it was the idea. He just couldn't stand the very thought of burning his beautiful black cock.

He screamed and snatched at the burning splinter, snuffing out the flame and pulling the thing from his cock. Tears were streaming down his handsome black face, and his mouth was twisted into a great grimace of defeat and shame.

The match in my cock was burning me, too. Not really enough even to blister, but enough to hurt like hell. I was certain that I had won, but I wanted to make my victory as complete as possible. I waited. I took the pain until every eye was on my cock, staring in disbelief at my self-control. Then I came. I let the enormous pressure of sex that had been building up in me in the incredible joy of knowing that I was going to win over this hunk of man burst out in fountains of fuck juice. The creamy white cum put out the flame instantly and soothed the burned skin at the tip of my dick. My gism squirted out more and more, leaping into the air and wetting down Andre from his nipples to his knees.

He gave a moan of utter defeat and dropped to his knees. He took my spouting spermer in his mouth and ran it down his throat, greedily sucking up the last bit of my load, acknowledging my total victory over him. The old classroom was quiet for a few seconds as the other guys watched him sucking on my cock, then the place went wild with one massive moan as the guys lunged toward me. They wanted to share in Andre's submission to my will. They were tearing their clothes off in a frenzy to get at me and my cock.

I raised my hand and made them stop. They obeyed me instantly. The only sound in the room was their panting and the sounds of their hands jacking

on their prongs. I pulled my pecker out of Andre's mouth and made him stand up. He was a magnificent black slave, and I was the master looking him over to see if I wanted to buy him. His nipples were erect on his full, muscular chest like blossoms of jet black coal. The milky strands of my gism were melting from the heat of his flesh and running down over his hard belly. The cum was like slow-moving streaks of mother of pearl over the warm darkness of his black skin. His cock was achingly hard, twitching with the slow beat of his heart. The thick shaft of his dork was traced with twisting veins, full of the blood of passion. His foreskin was pulled back tight on the shaft, leaving his cock knob glistening in the open. It was so black, it was blue, and as hard and tight as burnished steel. He was leaking pre-cum out of the huge slit at the tip.

"You could not become the boss because you feared the pain," I said.

"It is true," he said, and hung his head in shame.

"You will not fear the pain if I tell you not to, will you?"

He looked at me, deeply into my eyes, questioning my meaning, searching for the power which I had shown him that I had. "You know the powers of voodoo?" he whispered in awe.

"I know the powers of the mind. I have the greater mind. I will give you the power to withstand the pain. Look into my eyes and believe. The pain will be nothing."

"I will believe," he said firmly. His eyes didn't even flicker from mine as I picked up the box of matches from the desk. I heard the guys suck in their breaths. I took out a match and struck it and held the match in front of his face. He did not even see it; his eyes were looking into my soul. I put the match down to his hard cock and held it right under the fat head. I heard the sizzling of his pre-cum frying in the flame. Then there was the smell of burning flesh. He did not move. He did not quiver.

He did not cry out. He looked only to me for the power to take it, and he got it.

"You are a man. You may cum," I said. His hips gave a lurch, and his sperm gushed out just as mine had. I was able to control when I came, and I could now control him as well. His thick yellowish-white cum jetted out into the air. His butt gave little jerks of fucking motion but his face remained as utterly calm and impassive as it had when I was burning his dong. Finally, his eyes trembled and rolled up in his head in the force of his orgasm. He was still cumming, bolt after bolt of the juice jumping from the end of his wand. As he finished, I had to catch him as he began to slump to the floor. I laid him out, on the floor in front of the desk and took the rest of my clothes off.

Then I got up on the desk, sitting with my legs spread and my ass right on the edge. My cock towered up from the base of my belly and my balls hung over the edge of the desk. "You may approach me one at a time and suck on my cock while you jerk off," I announced. Stan was the first in line. He made sure of that.

Just before he bent his head down to my dong, I looked down and saw the big blister forming on the underside of Andre's cock. His eyes were open then, and he was beginning to frig his huge prong with his fingers wrapped over the blister, tugging on his burned flesh. Stan crammed my dork down his throat and almost immediately shot off all over Andre's beautiful body. One by one they followed him.

When they finished, I spoke again. "We will have a class in here every week. The class will be on the subject of pain, learning to take it and to give it. Go home and think of the best way to cause the most pain.

Think on it very hard, and come back ready to have that done to you. If you can take it, if it is good enough, if it pleases me sufficiently, I will call you a man. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," they said.

"You don't have to come back. It is up to you whether you want to learn or not. You have to be the ones to judge yourselves before you ask me to judge you."

"Yes, Master." They left, and I hurried to dress and get back to David and tell him what all had happened. I thought that he would be pleased.

At least I sure hoped so. I had a hell of a heavy load of cum built up in my balls and I was starting to get stone ache from it. I hoped David would be able to do something about that!

CHAPTER EIGHT

When I came back to the classroom the next time, there were more guys there, about thirty, and many more older ones. The room fell silent as I came in. There was not the slightest sounds of rebellion this time. I had their balls in my hand. I still couldn't get over the idea that every one of these guys had automatically accepted the macho gay role. I had talked to David about it, and he was a little surprised too, but he said that they had been trained to worship the aspects of maleness in our society to such a point that nothing but the master-male could appeal to their erotic senses. Whatever it was, it was fine with me!

Stan closed and locked the door behind me. We didn't want to be interrupted. They had put the teacher's desk in the center of the room and had pushed the other desks out of the way against the walls. Andre stood proudly by the big desk. He was the only one to have already passed the test of manhood that I had set up, and he was jealously guarding that status. The Jewish guy, Seth, was kneeling on the floor holding on to the edge of the desk like he could hardly keep himself from falling over. I walked over to him and looked down at him.

He turned his face up at me, and I was startled to see the change that had come over him. But there was something utterly changed about him. His big, dark eyes and long eyelashes seemed like the still surface of a pond on a starless, moonless night. There was something new in his eyes.

His face was moist with sweat, and his skin was so white that I could look down into it and see the tiny veins below the surface of his flesh.

His lips were dry and cracked. He was breathing in shallow pants, and his pulse throbbed fast and visible in his throat. His cheeks showed only the

faint down of early adolescence, but the bones beneath the skin were those of a naked skull.

"Please, let me be first," he whispered in a harsh, cracked voice.

"What have you done?"

"I will show you."

He pulled himself to his feet as the other guys crowded around. There was some murmuring that I had let the skinny guy go first, some muttering about him never being able to make it, but a gesture of my hand hushed them. Seth got to his feet and began taking his clothes off. His chest was so skinny that I could easily see the lift of his heart under his ribs. His nipples were just two copper pennies set into the waxy flesh under his bones. He had no hair under his arms at all. He dropped his pants, being careful not to bend forward to take them down. His stiff dick was sticking up from the base of his thin belly, not much bigger than a big man's forefinger. He had only a few threads of lank, black hair around the base to give it any appearance of maturity, but it was as hard and engorged with blood as any cock that I have ever seen.

He turned his back to the desk and lifted his rump up onto it. He tried to take his shoes off, but he couldn't reach down to his feet for some reason. I motioned for one of the other guys to do the job for him, and wondered what was making him behave in this odd way. I could see no signs of anything that he had done to himself, no marks or cuts or anything.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"Let me hold your cock. It is going to hurt so bad. I might scream. Don't let anyone hear me scream." He was very frightened of something. I took my clothes off, and so did the rest of the guys. Seth was surrounded by a forest of hard cocks as he lay back on the desk. He clutched my hard dork in his hand and looked happier.

"Now I will show you, Adam," he said. He pulled his legs up so that his feet were flat on the desk right next to the pale buns of his butt. He spread his

crack open, and I could see what at first looked like some shit stuck around his bung hole. I spread his butt open further, and his whole body was convulsed in spasms of agony. The sticky dark stuff was blood, not quite dried. He was in severe pain, whatever it was that he had done to his asshole.

"You will help me bear the pain, won't you, Adam?" He said holding hard to my cock.

"Yes, Seth, I will."

He pulled his knees up onto his chest as I looked into his eyes and willing him the power to take his torture that he was inflicting on himself. His lips pulled back from his sharp teeth, and the red flesh split open and began to bleed. His mouth was so distorted by the pain that he looked like a wild animal in its death throes. His body also jerked and shook in involuntary spasms of pain.

I looked down at his ass. The two halves were smaller than my hands, but his asshole was beginning to spread open like he was taking a shit. His asshole was bleeding just as his lips were. Something was coming out of him. At first, I thought he really was taking a shit, then I saw that what ever it was green! He began to scream silently and he writhed on the desk top and pulled his knees up further on his chest. The thing forced him back open again and began to emerge. Holy shit! It was a zucchini squash, and a hell of a big one at that!

My eyes must have opened up bigger and bigger as his asshole did the same thing. That squash that he was shitting out was literally tearing him up.

The damned thing was a good four inches thick in the middle! And more than that -- it was more than a foot long! I had never even seen a dildo that big for sale in any of the sex shops and I was even a little ashamed of myself that I had thought that David's dork half hurt me.

He nearly fainted as the thing came out of his quivering body. To think that he must have stuffed it up his ass by himself, then gotten dressed and come down to the Mission with that enormous mass inside him and made it to the

desk. Na wonder he had begged to be first! No wonder that his face looked changed! His thin shanks jerked and jumped as the thing slid out of his bleeding butt onto the desk top. It was streaked with blood, both fresh and old. He gasped his breath back into his pain-racked body.

His thin tool was arched straight up his belly like a rod of iron. I was about to congratulate him on becoming a man, when he got his voice back.

"Now," he croaked, "you can fuck me with it."

That I just could not believe! He wanted me to stuff the fucking thing back into him and screw his asshole with it! I had no intention of doing any such thing. I had two good reasons for it: one, I was afraid that it would kill him, and, two, I could have a lot more fun than that. This guy was ripe for a fist fuck. I had never given a fist fuck in my life and hadn't even seen, but I had seen plenty of pictures of them. The idea excited me very much, especially because the guy was so small, but very willing. I wondered whether or not I would have to get some kind of grease, but he didn't seem to need it. If he could take that damned vegetable up his butt he could take my fist without much trouble. My tongue was fucking hanging out to give it a try!

"You have already made the grade, Seth," I said, proud of him and his devotion to me. "Now I'm going to give you your reward. Are you old enough to cum?"

"Yes, a little bit," he panted, smiling at the pleasure that he had given me.

"I'm going to fist fuck you and bring you off that way. What do you think of that?"

Well, he nearly creamed right there on the desk at the suggestion. I stuck a couple of my fingers into his butt and felt around inside. It wasn't going to be completely dry -- he had used some kind of grease to get the zucchini inside him, and there was some slippery blood, too. His asshole nipped down tight on my fingers, but I was able to stuff four fingers up his tail without any trouble. He was grinning like a monkey and wiggling his ass around on the wooden top of the desk. The other guys were crowded around as close as they could get, horny cocks at the ready.

When I had all of my fingers up his butt, I slipped my thumb inside, too, and then slowly spread him open while I formed my hand into a fist. I could tell by the tightness of his mouth and the spasms of his ass muscles on my fist that it was hurting him pretty badly, but he never stopped smiling the whole time. I had my fist balled up just inside his assring, then I started shoving it up inside his body. My arm disappeared into his tiny butt inch by inch. It even surprised me how much he could take. His belly was so skinny and thin that I could see the bulk of my fist and arm right through his stomach. So could the rest of the guys, and they were going out of their minds watching me fuck him. His slender hands pressed into the skin of his belly and outlined my fist and arm inside him. He was so proud of himself that he was about ready to cum off immediately.

His balls were pulled in so tight to the root of his dick that they almost disappeared up into his belly. His pecker was being jerked back and forth with the pull and thrust of my fist into his body and back out.

He put his feet down on the desk and pushed his butt up into the air to get more of my arm inside him. I swear that I could feel his heart bumping right against my fist! He started a whining noise of intense pleasure, and I knew that he was going to cum.

I leaned forward over his belly and started blowing on his cock. Not sucking it, just pursing my lips and blowing a stream of my hot breath up from his tight balls to the throbbing head of his dork. The contrast between the extreme force of sensation of my fist and the delicate teasing of my breath on his tool was just the trick that he needed. He gave a little screech and let go.

Stan was next. Unfortunately, he wasn't smart enough to come up with anything that was near as much fun as Seth had thought of. But he did the best that he could. He had a nice eight or nine inch cock on him and a pair of fat juicy balls in a long, droopy bag. He pulled on his nuts nice and hard, and then stuffed both of them up his asshole. It was a hell of a stretch, and he clamped down on them hard enough to hurt like hell, but it just wasn't enough to satisfy me or the other guys, either. They were getting to be as expert in matters of pain as I was. We discussed what improvements we could make on Stan's ordeal while he stood in front of the group and

drooled with expectation of what we might think of to do to him. He was such a big ox and a dummy as well that the only thing we could come up with was simply to beat the shit out of him. It sounded very unimaginative, but it was more fun than that.

There were a few more older guys there that time, and between them and Andre and me, we took care of the big Pole. We told Stan to stand out in the open where we could get at him and see how much he could take. He just loved it. I started by telling him to stand with his legs spread apart, then I gave him a kick right up between his legs that was hard enough to lift him up onto his tip-toes and damned near bust my foot. Of course, his balls were tucked up his bunghole so I didn't get to crack them directly, but he clamped down on them hard enough from the force of the blow to make his face turn green.

Andre took his belt out of his pants and wrapped it around his knuckles on his right hand to protect himself and then gave Stan an uppercut that started from the floor and finished off near the ceiling. Andre was stronger than I was, and he managed to knock the big dork over backwards onto his butt. He loosened a couple of teeth and glazed Stan's eyes, but falling on the floor with his nuts up his ass hurt him more than the blow had. Stan's cock was just getting harder and harder, and he seemed to be enjoying it more than anyone else was. He kept hopping up off the floor and asking for more. We beat the hell out of him without accomplishing more than hurting our hands and feet on his hard body. Of course he was bruised and bleeding, but that was just a little exercise for him.

Finally, Seth came up with a better idea. He got a dirty old bucket out of the janitor's closet and filled it with water. Then he put it on the floor in the middle of the room and told Stan to kneel down next to it.

"Now stick your head in the bucket of water and don't take it out," he told Stan.

For the first time, the real look of fear came into Stan's eyes, and we knew that we were on the right track. He rocked back and forth on his heels as he worked up enough courage to go through with it, and then finally he plunged his head into the bucket. Nobody even had to touch him. He was

doing it all himself -- the essence of successful torture. I leaned over and touched my fingertips to the side of his neck to keep touch on his pulse. He was holding his breath for a hell of a long time.

Then he couldn't take it any longer, and instead of puffing his head out of the bucket, he inhaled the water into his mouth and lungs. He was fucking drowning himself with one little bucket of water! I didn't pull him out either. I listened to him choking and gasping on the water and waited until his pulse started to get irregular under my fingertips.

When I was pretty sure that if I didn't pull him out, he was going to die, he hooked his hips up toward the bucket and began creaming off what he thought was going to be the last load of his life. He shot the spunk out all over the floor and the side of the tin bucket in spurt after spurt, really an amazing amount. And he didn't even make the slightest motion to pull his head out of the fucking bucket. His lungs were filled with dirty water, and he was certainly losing conscious near by now, but he was more willing to die than to disobey the order not to take his head out of the bucket!

He slumped over onto the floor, and we went to work on his unconscious body quickly and efficiently. I jerked the bucket off his head, and Andre started pumping the water out of his lungs. He was getting air in a matter of a couple of minutes, but if we had not gone to work on him, he would have died right there on the dirty floor of the old classroom. I had to admit that, dumb fucker that he was, he had earned the right to be called a man, too. He was a little surprised to still be alive when we brought him around, but even more pleased that he had made the grade.

The rest of the guys who were ready that night were mostly run-of-the-mill stuff. Most of them were too scared by what they had seen to try anything very daring. Just simple stuff like a darning needle stuck through their balls and stuff like that. They had done their best, and I let most of them get away with that much.

CHAPTER NINE

One night that summer, David and I were in bed asleep after a long session of love-making that had left my ass throbbing and well satisfied.

The telephone rang, which was quite unusual to start out with since we rarely got any telephone calls at any time, much less the middle of the night. David heaved himself up out of bed and fumbled for the phone on the desk.

"Hello, yes... yes... you don't say... sure sounds like it to me... yes, he's here. We'll come on down as soon as we get dressed."

He hung up the phone and turned on the lights. "Come on Adam, we've got to get dressed and go down to the Mission."

"What the hell for?"

"They have a guy down there that just came in a little while ago looking for a place to flop for the night."

"What has that got to do with us? You aren't on duty tonight, and you don't have to take care of the runaways anyway."

"I know, but the guy on duty on the desk thought we might be interested in this one. He said the guy had the biggest cock he had ever seen in his life."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place!"

We took the elevator down to the garage and got in the car. I noticed that David kept looking at me with some kind of speculation in his eyes.

I couldn't figure out what he was looking for. "Who was on the desk?" I asked.

"Clark Kent." That wasn't the guy's real name, but he looked just like the actor who used to play Superman, only this guy looked like Clark Kent

even when he took his clothes off. Superman, he wasn't, but he loved to suck cock, and he kept an eye out for any juicy specimens who showed up around the place when David and I weren't there. The Mission had turned out to be a regular supermarket of goodies for us to pleasure ourselves with.

We pulled into the parking lot next to the Mission and went in. Clark was waiting for us behind the desk. He looked excited as hell, rubbing his hands with glee. He looked at me funny, too, and I wondered what was up.

I could understand him getting excited at the prospect of a big cock, but I couldn't figure why he was looking at me that way.

"Where is the guy?" David asked.

"Taking a shower."

"In the shower room upstairs?"

"Naw, he looked too good to turn loose up there. I got him in the bathroom behind the office." He gestured with his thumb. "Why don't you go back and wait for him to come out?"

"Sure thing." David tipped him a wink, and we went behind the desk and through the office to a little sitting room behind it. There were some dirty clothes in a pile on the floor by the door to the bathroom, and we could hear the sound of the shower going inside. David and I took our seats and waited for the guy with the big cock to come out and show himself off for our horny eyes.

Pretty soon the shower was cut off, and I could hear a guy whistling tunelessly, then the door opened up. He came out into the room, unaware that we were even there because he had the towel over his head drying off his hair. It gave us a great look at his body, and a great took it was, too. He looked to be about fourteen years old or thereabouts, and he had a cock that was at least as big as mine, bigger even than mine had been when I was his age. It hung down from the root of his belly like the trunk on an elephant, thick, long and strong. The rest of him looked pretty skinny and scrawny,

not much meat on his bones and marks on his skin that looked like partially healed bruises from some heavy-handed whippings.

Then he took the towel away from his head and looked at us for the first time. It was the most extraordinary shock that I have ever had in my life. My jaw dropped like some knife had cut the muscles loose. He did the same thing, and we just stared at each other like a couple of dumb turds on a sidewalk. His hair was the color of clouds on a summer's day, as white and fine and fluffy as spun glass. His eyes were violent blue like the edge of night and day in the evening. I put up my hands to him,

"Buddy?"

"Stuart? Oh, my God, oh, my God! Stuart!"

We yelled each other's names and jumped into each other's arms. I hugged him until I felt his ribs crack under my arms, and he plastered his wet body against mine, shaking with sobs of confused happiness. I couldn't believe that it was true. If I had a fairy godfather, he must have finally come through and granted me the greatest wish that I ever wanted in my life -- my baby brother in my arms again, and he remembered me! He knew me! There was no question about it. That hair, the color of those eyes. He was shorter and skinnier than I was. He only came up to my shoulder, but we were like smaller and larger versions of the same person.

I was overwhelmed with joy, because of that wiry body all naked and wet and plastered to mine. I lost control of myself completely, kissing his face again and again. I felt his strong arms around my chest, and I ran my hands down his naked back and cupped his ass. He was kissing me back, and he wriggled his belly against my crotch, feeling my cock hardening in response to him. His own prong was rising between my legs. I could feel it pressing against the inside of my thigh and against the bottoms of my balls. Brothers or not, we were terrifically turned on to each other.

Wait a minute. Why did I say, brothers or not? What could be more natural than for two humpy brothers to fall in love with each other? We were already in love. Now we were grown up enough to express that love sexually. I guess that what followed was as natural as nature itself.

David interrupted us before we got too far gone. He tapped me on the shoulder and said, "How about an introduction?" His eyes were shining with happiness. I thought he was going to wash his new contact lenses out with the tears that had gathered in his eyes.

"David, did you arrange this?" I asked him. I guess I thought that with as much money as he had, he could do anything.

"Don't look at me," he shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't know anything about it until Clark called me up a few minutes ago. He said that when he saw Buddy here, he was willing to bet his balls that you two must be related somehow. But the rest of it was just chance."

"Chance be damned," I said with a happy laugh. "This was arranged in heaven. David, I couldn't be happier to introduce to you my long-lost brother Buddy. I haven't seen this guy for ten years. Oh, Buddy, I'm so glad you remember me!"

"How could I forget you, Stu? You were the only family that I had left in the world. I wasn't going to forget you just because they separated us.

God, you've grown up to be so big and handsome."

"You too, Buddy, let me take a look at you." He stood back and showed off for me and for David too. He had a hard-on, and he wasn't the slightest bit ashamed of it. His dong was at least as big as mine was, and he still had time to grow. He was going to beat me in that department one of these days, but I wasn't at all jealous. I was just so proud of him and happy for us that I couldn't help but cry. He had the marks of a belt across his butt, though, and on the tops of his thighs. The sight of... the dark slashes made me angry as hell.

"Who did that to you, Buddy?" I asked him.

His face clouded a little. "Don't worry about that, Stu. My last foster father won't be taking his belt to any more guys any time soon. I busted both of his arms for him, the fucker!" the rage that he felt swept over his face and

was gone as fast as a cloud across the brilliant sun. "You got some place to go?"

"Yeah, I live with David here. You have to be nice to David. He's so rich, he can buy us both for breakfast snacks, and he fucks like a bull."

There was no use in playing around with it. I was gay and glad of it, and it didn't look like my brother was going to find anything wrong with that.

"He looks like he could," Buddy smiled and put out his hand for David to shake. He also had his dong sticking straight out too David managed to shake his hand instead of his cock -- just barely.

"Pleased to meet you, Buddy. It's pretty late. Why don't you get dressed and we can go home. I know that you and Adam will have lots to talk about."

"Adam?" he said with a question on his face. "That's the name I'm calling myself now," I explained. "But you can still call me Stu if you want to, Buddy."

"Yeah, I'd like that better. I've been talking to you before I went to sleep at night for years, now. You know, in my imagination. You'll always be Stu to me."

When we got back to the apartment, we went right to it. There seemed to be no necessity to ask or answer any questions about what we all wanted to do. We got comfortable on the sofa in the living room. The lights were low, and David put some nice, quiet music on the stereo. Buddy and I embraced and began kissing each other to the very depths of our souls.

Our hands were wandering over each other's bodies as if we had to touch to make sure that what was happening was real, wasn't just another dream.

David was sitting on the other side of Buddy, and he joined in the embrace, making it a threesome that soon got too hot for clothes to get in the way.

I unbuttoned Buddy's shirt and ran my fingertips over his chest. He was thin, and his ribs stood out under his flesh, but his nipples quickly erected to

my touch, and I nuzzled them with my lips, sucking the hot points into my mouth and tasting the delicate flavor of his skin. David was down taking Buddy's shoes and socks off, and my hand slipped down to his waist to unbuckle his belt. His cock was straining at the thin material of his worn underwear. When I released the containing pressure of his belt, the juicy knob popped right out from under the waistband of his shorts and slipped up his belly to rest itself in his belly button.

He was dripping lubricating fluid, and the head of his dong was like a burning coal of sexual passion, hot, red, and glowing.

David pulled on Buddy's pants as my brother lifted his ass to free them.

His undershorts quickly followed, and he was then naked on the sofa beside me. His eyes were glazed in the deep sexual satisfaction that was produced by having two studs at his sides taking care of his needs, and it was even better knowing that one of those studs was his own big brother.

His slender body was pale, paler than mine. It looked like a long splash of gism in the dim light. His hair made a whiter halo around his head, and his cock and balls were a darker, ruddier arrow in his middle. I took the head of that arrow into my mouth and sucked it deeply into my throat.

Buddy groaned and pushed his fingers into my hair, shoving me down on his dong until my lips were locked around the root of his tool. His fat, pink balls lolled in their loose bag of skin inches from my eyes. I worked my throat muscles on his cock until I had to come up for air.

David pushed me out of the way and took over my brother's cock from me.

While he eagerly sampled Buddy's prick, my brother was doing the same to me. He put his hands on my chest and pushed me onto my back on the sofa.

David was downing his dork for him while he fumbled with my belt and tried to get my pants open. My cock was about to break off in my trousers from the tension in it, and Buddy was having some trouble concentrating on what he was doing, so I helped him free my big prong from its entrapment.

I gasped with pleasure as my meat sprang free and was captured by Buddy's mouth. His lips and tongue were like flames, licking and burning at my sensitive flesh. After he had swallowed my spear, he eased it back out of his throat and held it in his hands while his lips nibbled up and down its length. He took one of my balls in his mouth and sucked on it, rolling it around with his tongue and pressing it tightly against the roof of his mouth. The pressure was just enough to hover between pain and pleasure, enough to make me ache with desire to shoot off my load into his mouth. Then he popped both of my nuts into his mouth. They filled it to overflowing. I could hear him snorting his breath through his nose as he worked on my bulging balls with his mouth. He closed his lips tightly around my bag and worried at them like a dog with a bone, pulling on the swollen spheres and chewing on the tender skin that enclosed them.

I was so close to cumming that I had to make him stop. This was just too good and too important to dump my load in a hurry. His tongue flickered out at me, trying to eat me up as I pushed his head away. I stood up and began to take my clothes off as fast as I could while he lay back on the sofa and looked up at me. His dark blue eyes sparkled with lust and excitement as he watched my body emerge from my clothes. David's dark head was bobbing up and down in his crotch, pulling the cum up out of his balls and holding him on the edge of cumming off.

My brother! I just couldn't get over it. He looked so much like me. It was like looking down and seeing David and myself lying there on the sofa making love. It was like being able to make love to myself. Not just sucking my own cock, but kissing and tonguing myself. Not like watching yourself beat off in a mirror, but having the image in the mirror take on its own life and reach out to make love to you. I guess I knew then how Narcissus felt when he fell in love with his reflection in the pond, only I was in a hell of a lot better shape than that old Greek myth! My reflection was real and live and horny -- my baby brother came back to me!

"Happy, Buddy?" I said.

"Getting happier by the minute, Stu," he grinned.

My prong was pulsing and pounding with lust as I got back down on the sofa next to him. This time he pulled away from David and pushed my legs up into the air so that he could get at my asshole. He flipped me so far back that I was balanced on my head and shoulders with my legs back over on the arm of the sofa. He spread my butt open and went to work on my asshole. His tongue was like a blow torch on the tender flesh of my bunghole. First he licked me all up and down my crack and up the insides of my legs and the back of my balls until he had all of that area covered with his spit. Then he went to work on the tight pink opening of my body.

He burrowed his hard tongue tip into my butt, flicking it in and out like a tiny cock until I was about to scream with the pleasure he was giving me.

David felt a little left out, so he came over and fitted himself back into the picture by sticking his dork into my hungry mouth and taking my own cock into his. God! I was getting it three ways then at the same time. It was one of the most terrific experiences I had ever had. Buddy was digging his tongue deeper and deeper into my butt. David was shoving his shlong down my throat, and he was gobbling my cock down to the roots at the same time. His head was even bumping into Buddy's as they competed in seeing who could give me the most pleasure by devouring me. I was nearly standing on my head, but I didn't give a damn. I could hardly even think anyway.

Buddy's tongue seemed to grow and grow as he ate out my asshole. He was sticking it in and pulling at the rim of my hung hole, pulling me open and making me relax so that he could get it in further and further. I was trying to get my neck straightened out so that I could take David's root all the way into my throat, but the weight on my body prevented me from swallowing him all the way down. Nothing was stopping David from guzzling my prick, though! I was so excited that I was forgetting to breathe -- I was about to pass out from lack of air.

Finally, Buddy had gotten enough of my ass, or rather, he had gotten it sufficiently ready for his purposes. He pulled my legs back down so that I was lying more or less flat on the sofa with my butt resting on his legs. He bent his prick down to my tail and fitted the broad knob to my asshole. I was aching with desire for him to fuck me, and he was going to do a hell of a good job on my ass, I could tell. Fortunately, David had broken me in so

that I was ready, willing, and able to take a dong that size up my gut. His shaft slid right in, spreading me open so far, I thought my hipbones were going to break right in half around his spoke. I sighed with fantastic pleasure as his cock rooted its way into my body, shoving and poking and forcing me open. It seemed to go in forever and ever, never stopping, so long that I just knew that it was going to come out of my mouth. He was as long as I was, but it seems that he was more like the size of a horse.

David was adjusting to the new position nicely. He came right over with my legs when Buddy pulled me down. His hungry lips never lost their contact with my cock, and his dork was now slamming all the way into my throat past the narrows at the back of my mouth.

The only thing that I could see then was David's asshole opening and winking shut above my face, but I could hear Buddy saying, "I'm fucking you, big brother. I've been dreaming about this for years. My big randy brother, so handsome, such a humpy stud. Now I got you, got your ass in my hands, and I'm fucking the shit out of your asshole, Stu!" I wanted to tell him how much I loved it, but the only way I could communicate with him with David's dork down my throat was with the muscles of my ass, so I squeezed down hard as I could on his tool and told him how good that it felt in my gut.

"Oh, holy shit, Stu! I feel that. I'm goin' t' cum! Feel me doin' it.

Feel me cummin' off, NOW, OH FUCK!" He didn't need to tell me at all, though it was sexier that way. I felt his flaming hot tool creaming off a heavy load of gism in gushes up my gut. God, did he ever cum off more than any other fourteen-year-old stud I ever heard of! The cum was squishing back out of my asshole no matter how hard I clamped down on him. I felt it running out over his balls and down the crack of my ass.

I held on just long enough to savor the feeling of my baby brother creaming off inside my body, then I let David have, what he was working for. Buddy's cock was still twitching in my tail when my own cannon fired off a salvo of sperm into my lover's mouth. And David joined in right with me. We traded loads like two firecrackers going off together.

David's load was so rich and thick and sticky that I could hardly manage to swallow it down. It was more like thick custard than regular cum. I guess it was some of the prime stuff straight out of his hairy balls. We just had to rest a little after that bout, but it was just the first of many that we had that night and for many days and nights to come!

CHAPTER TEN

The presence of violence in life is like a kettle drum, dim and distant most of the time, barely heard above the melodies of less somber instruments, but always there, pulsing, marking time, bursting forth with moments of shocking power. To most people it is threatening, thunder on the horizon that may strike and destroy them. To others it is the baseline of life, and its eruptions are brilliant moments of true vision, true living of life at its most precious. To me, it is both -- feared when only dimly present, bracing and cathartic when it flashes up like the snaky fingers of lightning reaching up from the earth and down from heaven to touch and explode in the sky.

There are moments when sex is and should be so tender that the touch of an eyelash is enough to shake one's whole body, and the hot, moist breath of a kiss is enough to shred the soul with its force. But at other times strength and power of a direct nature are called for, and then nothing excites so much as the pitting of muscle against bunched muscle when sinews creak and pain sings its piercing siren song. It is the time of strong perfumes -- sweat, blood, and sperm. The time of strong men and strong minds, when the air reeks of lust and power.

The dark purple bruises on the firm white flesh of my brother whispered to me in the night. My tongue sought out those places on his ass and thighs where he had been marked. I wanted to taste them, drink them in and possess them. I wanted to share the pain and express it, feel it, give it, take it. It had been ten years since I had seen him. I had never believed that we would ever have been reunited. I needed to know him again from the inside out. We were too close not to.

David felt the same way. He insisted over and over again that we strip naked for him and lie side by side on a bed or the floor so that he could touch the two of us at the same time and revel in our doubleness and sameness. It was more enchanting for the differences. We were not twins.

I was four years older than Buddy, harder, more mature and toughened. He was smaller, younger, fresher.

Days later, when the bruises were almost totally gone, I asked my brother once again about them. I had to capture them before they were gone forever. The three of us were lying together on the big bed which we had made by pushing the twin beds together. I was touching the marks with the tip of my finger, tracing the curls and lines made by the hard leather belt. David was watching me with his brown eyes glowing in the dim quiet.

"Tell me how you got these, Buddy," I said. It was a simple request, but Buddy felt that I wanted more than a simple explanation. He knew that I wanted to know how he had become the guy he was. How had he arrived at the time and place and situation where the beating had taken place. Where had he found the strength to revenge himself upon the man who had hurt him.

"I've always had people touching me, always," he said softly, lying back on the bed with his hands behind his head. I was caressing his big cock right then while he was talking, and I pulled my hand away, thinking that he was blaming me. "No, do it some more, Stu, I love it. I love you to touch me. I remember back when our folks were alive, we slept in the same room and you would take my pajamas off and play with my pecker and make it stand up hard and tickle. I loved it then, and I love it now. And I would beg you to take your pajama pants off and let me play with your dong. You didn't have any hairs yet, but it sure was big. It thrilled me so much to see how big it would get and so hard. It was so much bigger and better than mine. I loved it."

"I loved it best when you would let me put it in my mouth and suck on it for you. You couldn't shoot off then, but I didn't even know that such a thing was possible. I just loved to suck on your big dick and to squeeze mine and pull on it to make it feel good and to make it grow as big as yours was."

"I think you're going to grow even bigger than that, brother."

"Yeah, maybe. Then I lost everything in the whole world that meant anything to me. Momma, Daddy, and you. I thought I was goin' to die, I was so lonely and miserable. I can't even remember how many foster homes I've lived in since then. Some of them were just for a couple of days, some of them for months at a time."

"Yeah, I know how it was, Buddy. The same thing happened to me."

He reached over and turned my face to his and gave me a soft kiss. "I've got you back now, Stu. That's all that counts." Then he went on. "I always had someone touching me even then. Sometimes it was girls or even women, sometimes just the guys, sometimes the men. I guess I just attracted people who wanted to play with my cock. I thought it was the way that people told you that they liked you and were interested in you.

But some of them were very mean and nasty about it. The first time I got a really bad beating was when I was living with this preacher and his family."

"You know, preachers are supposed to be loving people, but this man had a face that was caned out of old oak, twisted and hard, and he smiled about as often as an oak plank does. He was a big, strong man, with muscles as hard as wood, big broad shoulders and huge hands, rough and dry. He had a washed-out woman for a wife, his second I think, and about a dozen kids.

He worked with the Highway Department during the week and prayed and preached on the weekends, all hellfire and brimstone."

"Well, I went into the bathroom one day when he was drying off after his bath, and I took my clothes off to take my bath in the same water. His cock was hanging heavy between his legs over these huge hairy balls, swinging out from the base of his belly, thick and juicy. It excited me, and I wanted to do something that would make him like me and be nice to me, so I reached out and took his cock in my hands. He stood there as still as if he had been turned to stone. Then I opened my mouth and stuffed as much of his big prong into it as I could. I had just closed my lips over it and closed my eyes to suck on it happily when he hit me up the side of my head with the palm of his hand and sent me flying across that bathroom. He knocked me silly with that one blow, but that wasn't enough for him. No sir, he didn't say a word, but he picked me up and beat the shit out of me until I fainted from the pain. Then he took me back to the bedroom and threw me into the cot where I slept and left me there."

"He didn't explain anything to the others. They knew better than to ask him questions when he was in a mood like that. I just cried myself to sleep,

aching terribly from the beating he had given me. That night I woke up screaming. He had his hand over my mouth and nose. I couldn't breathe or make a sound. I saw his dark eyes in the night, the whites standing out all around the pupils. He motioned for me to be quiet, and I nodded my head. He let go of me so that I could breathe, then he picked me up out of that bed and carried me out of the house. He was wearing a long white nightshirt that covered him from his neck down to his bare feet. I wasn't wearing anything at all. I thought that he was going to kill me, but I was too scared and miserable to care very much then. I had a hard-on, though."

"He carried me out of the house into the woods behind it. The moon was three-quarters full, enough to light up the night. He stopped in a clearing where we guys used to play during the day time and put me down.

He was breathing heavily, and for the first time I saw that the front of his nightshirt was sticking out like he had a tent pole between his legs."

"'Ishmael,' he called me. 'Fair-haired son of Satan, we will pray for your soul.' He pushed me down on my knees next to him, and then he started all these wild prayers. Half the time he was praying to God to give him strength and to cast the devil out of me, and half the time he was thanking Satan for sending me to him. He was crazy as a loon, but I knew which side his heart was on. His big club of a cock was getting bigger and harder all the time. There was a dark, wet stain in the middle of his nightshirt where his hard prong was dripping pre-cum out and wetting the thin cloth so that I could see the blood-engorged knob of his cock straining up at the moon."

Finally he turned and looked down at me by his side. His eyes were as big as an owl's, and the whites glaring all around made him look like targets. 'Do you want it?' he said to me in a tiny voice. I nodded my head. 'See! I knew it! I knew there was no hope!' he screamed and yanked at my arm. He threw me down on the ground and beat on me some more, screaming like crazy all the time. Then he tore his nightshirt off. His cock was the biggest I had ever seen then, almost black with the blood that was swelling it. It looked like a caveman's club to me, like a weapon he was going to beat me with.

"He had me spread-eagled on my back on the dirt, his hands clamping my arms out wide and his knees forcing my legs open. He wouldn't let me even try to touch his terrible cock. He hunched down over me and let the head of it bang into my balls, and then he shoved it up over my hard cock, up over my thin belly, up to my chest. My heart was pounding with fright and excitement, but his cock was pounding even harder. It beat on my chest with his heartbeat like a giant drumstick. He pulled his hips back and drew his cock down my body like a knife laying me open for gutting and skinning. Then he shoved it back up again. He wasn't hurting me, just scaring the shit out of me and thrilling me like I had never been thrilled before. His prong was oozing while he was chanting all the dirty words in the English language."

"Back and forth his cock slid across my body, up and down. His mouth was hanging open, and his spit was drooling out of it onto my face. His eyes were bugging out of his head. His face was swollen with passion, just as his cock was. His lips peeled back from his teeth as his orgasm approached. He frigged his dong on me faster and faster and started grunting like a pig. On the last stroke, he mashed his heavy balls down hard against me and crushed them on my body. He jerked his way up across my cock and up my belly, an inch thrust at a time. When he got on top of my chest, he sat down hard on his nuts and drove the breath out of me. I saw him shooting off bolts of gism shooting over my head like milky tracer bullets in the moonlight. It was only the last of his creamy load that fell on my face in wet ropes. The rest of it went completely over my head into the dirt. He collapsed on top of me, his hard belly mashing my nose flat against my face and his cock softening slightly on my ribs."

"Then he got up and dragged me back to the house to the shed where he kept his old razor strop. He beat me with it and beat himself too. All the time that the stinging blows fell on both of us, he alternated between cursing me and himself and blabbering about how beautiful and white my body was."

"The beatings were so bad that time that they took me away from him and sent me to the hospital in the orphanage."

"While I was in the orphanage hospital, I met this guy named Mack. He was a teenager, an orphan like me. He was working in the hospital ward as an orderly, supposed to be training him how to make a living, I guess. He was on night duty, and he would come over to my bed at night and talk softly to me until I fell asleep. He would check the bandages on my back and legs. He had the gentlest hands that I ever felt, firm, but never hurting me. I lay on my belly most of the time so that I wouldn't put any pressure on the wounds on my back."

"When I got better and most of the bandages had been removed, he would massage my back, just touching the new skin enough to send the blood coursing through it to heal it faster. He would rub me with this light, oily ointment that made me feel as slippery as a fish. He rubbed it all over me, but he lingered mostly over the globes of my ass where the worst cuts had been."

"One night he was doing that and talking about being lonely and what it was like not to have any friends in the whole world. I felt very much that he was my friend, and I told him. He was quiet for a while, then he thanked me. My head was turned toward him, and I could see that he was rubbing his crotch against the side of the mattress as he massaged my back and ass. I asked him right out if he had a hard-on. He stopped still for a while, then he said yes."

"I asked him how big it was when it got hard. He said that I could feel him up if I wanted to find out for myself I did as he suggested. He stepped back a half-step from the bed so that I could get my hand down to the front of his pants. He had a good-sized boner on in there, hard as the steel posts on the hospital bed, but a lot hotter."

"Do you like that, Buddy?" he asked me.

"Yeah, that feels nice, Mack. You sure got a nice one. I got a hard-on, too," I said.

"He slapped his greasy hand, which had been massaging my ass, down between my ass cheeks, spreading my legs. He slipped past my balls and felt the hard root of my dong. I spread my legs open further and let him feel

me up while I was doing the same with his big prong. He was getting hotter and harder as I stroked my hand up and down his shaft. Then he pulled his hand up some and started playing around with my asshole. I had never had anyone do that to me before, and it set my whole butt on fire.

It tingled and made my gut tickle way up inside my body. I squirmed around on the bed, rubbing my dick on the sheets."

"He worked his fingertip around in little circles around my bunghole, then surprised me again by slipping the tip of it inside my ass. It didn't hurt or bother me at all; it was just so exciting that I could hardly stand it. He slowly drove his whole finger up there wiggling it around and rubbing it on the back of my prostate. It was wild!"

"I was very eager and very virginal as far as my asshole went, but Mack was a hell of a nice guy. He was one of the big guys, and he sure didn't have to spend as much time with me and be as nice to me as he did. I was eager to return the kindness. He unzipped his pants and produced his cock for me to examine. It was a nice one, uncircumcised, but clean, not nearly as big as the preacher's had been, but bigger than yours was, Stu, the last time that I had seen it. He rubbed the greasy stuff all over it, and I helped him do it."

"He had his finger sliding in and out of my asshole, warming me up and spreading me open, then it was two fingers, and then three. I was gasping and clutching at his cock as he finger-fucked my butt. I was getting turned on to a whole new trip, something I had never dreamed of, but something that I took to immediately."

"He got up on the big hospital bed with me, pulling his pants down to his ankles and straddling my legs. I wanted to see what he was doing, but I had to be satisfied with the sense of touch. I felt his hot cockhead touching my bung hole after he pulled his fingers out. I clenched tight for a second when he tried to push in, but I opened right up for him after my initial unsureness. He glided right into my tail without any of the pain that he had worried about and that I have since heard that most guys have the first time they get fucked. I guess that I was just a natural for it."

"It was the same with me, Buddy," I said. "I guess we are just made to get screwed up the ass!"

"Well, it started out feeling good and just got better by the moment. He was soon shoving his cock in and out of my asshole as fast as he could fuck his hips. That old bed started rocking on its moorings and slamming into the wall, but we didn't care who he heard us. The curtains were pulled around my bed, but I know that all of the guys in the ward knew what kind of a massage Mack was giving me that night. He could really move that tool of his, too. I couldn't cum then, but my butt got as hot as a six shooter, and I would have shot off all over the place if I had been old enough. I felt the most incredibly delicious feeling when he spermed off in my gut. I could feel every splash of his gism as it spurted out in waves against the sensitive skin inside my body."

"Well, that was the first, time I got beat and the first time I got fucked. What else do you need to know, big brother?"

"Tell me about these, Buddy," I said, touching the scars of his most recent beating.

"He picked me out of the crew one night about a week ago, I guess it was, and told me to strip off for a whipping. He always got more excited with me than with the other guys, I think because I had such a big cock bigger than his was, anyway. This time I didn't feel like giving in to him, and I told him so. That got him mad as hell, and he was drunker than usual too. He cussed me up one side and down the other, then he started pulling his clothes off and said that he was going to teach me one-to-one. Going to whip me as an equal if I was so snotty as to think that I was good enough to stand up to him."

"That's what he said, but. I could see plain enough that he had other things on his mind. When he took his pants off, he was showing a big hard-on and plenty of interest in my body. He grabbed a hold of me faster than a snake striking and soon had me as naked as he was. Then he started wrestling with me and rubbing his cock all over me. He wasn't trying to beat me as much as make me. If he had put it the right way, and he wasn't so damned mean, I might have come on with him, but I was aiming at getting even with the

drunken bastard. I let him rub his body all over me until he was getting so sexed up that he was forgetting what he was doing."

"Then I got my hands on his nuts. He was about to cum off, and I gave him a send-off that he won't forget for a hell of a long time. I got my hand around those fat balls of his and about twisted them right off his hairy old body. He let out a screech you could have heard in Kokomo! He got his rocks off in more ways than he was counting on that time. Shot gism out all over my belly and vomited up his whiskey from the pain at the same time. Barfed all over me and made me feel dirtier than I ever have in my life. I have to give to the tough old son-of-a-bitch, though. Getting his balls busted didn't keep him down for long. I got out from under him and tried to give him a kick in the teeth, but I slipped in his puke."

"He grabbed me by my hair and swung me around while he got his belt with his other hand. I was yelling for the other guys to help me, but pussies that they were, they just stood around and watched us fight like a couple of dogs. He whipped the shit out of my ass and legs with that damned belt with one hand and kept me off my feet pulling on my hair with the other."

"I finally wised up and stopped trying to get on my feet. I dived right in at hip and got a hold on his leg and sank my teeth into his skin. He screamed like crazy again and had to let go of me. He was kicking at me with one leg while I was taking a good hunk of meat out of his other leg with my teeth. Finally he caught me a good kick right on the jaw with his heel and kicked me loose. That time, I was determined to get away from him before he could get a grip on me again. I scrambled up to my feet and ran for the bedroom. The big, heavy door was open, and I spun around and tried to slam it in his face as he chased after me."

"Well, that worked out a hell of a lot better than I had planned. He had both of his hands up trying to catch me, and they hit the door as it was slamming shut. His hands slid off the door into the bedroom just as I hit the other side of the door with all of the force that I could manage. It slammed shut on his arms just below the elbow and busted both of them! I could hear the satisfying sound of the bones snapping clean inside the meat when that door caught his arms."

"He passed out from the pain, then. The other guys were glad to help me then, when the old fart couldn't do them any more damage. We gave him a beating that he will remember for the rest of his life, if he ever woke up from it. Then I made the other guys watch while I fucked his hairy old asshole didn't do it for the fun of it. I did it because I knew that he would hate to have anyone cornhole him like that. Especially one of the guys while the other guys were watching. Then we all took as much stuff as we could carry and split that scene. I ended up in this city at the Mission where you guys found me."

"That's an incredible story, Buddy," David murmured.

"Incredible, my ass!" I said. "It's damned near the same sort of life that I lived."

"I can hardly believe it. I mean, I do believe you, but I would never have imagined anything like that unless you had told me that it was true."

"True enough."

Sharing Buddy's story between us was an important moment in our lives.

For the first time, Buddy made love by himself with David while I watched. For the first time, we were all together instead of David being on one side and Buddy and me on the other.

Since then there have been a lot of changes in our lives. David made me take that high school equivalency test, and I passed it with flying colors. I'm going to be attending college this fall. The three of us live together in the apartment now. It is sort of like a family of three brothers with no parents to mess around with us.

Sometimes Buddy and I play around as David's slave boys, but we all know that it is a game. Sometimes he is the slave boy and we are his masters.

Sometimes we act out stories from our past, and sometimes we make them up as we go along. Some of those scenes are pretty spectacular, I can tell you!

Maybe you would like to join us sometime and show us some of the tricks and games you have learned? We can't advertise ourselves as nearly virgin boys anymore, but if you really have to, we can find one for you at the club. What kind of games would you like to play with us? Do you like whips and chains? Ropes? Matches? Handcuffs? We've got a whole set of toys to play with.

THE END